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The Crisis

A Record of the Darker Races

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July, 1926

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The August CRISIS is our EDUCATION Number; the September CRISIS will be a double number with the first of the series of studies of NEGRO EDUCATION carried out by THE CRISIS with the help of the Garland Fund.

• • •

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 32 No. 3 JULY, 1926 Whole No. 189

OPINION of W. E. B. DU BOIS

INSANITY

IT IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT to please all of our friends either simultaneously or successively. Once upon a time the United States Census showed comparatively little insanity or suicide among colored people. "Naturally," said American Science, "for Negroes have not enough brains to go insane with and are too good-natured to kill themselves."

Recently statistics have veered the other way. We find considerable Negro insanity and a mounting rate of suicide. But American Science is unperturbed. "Naturally, for the Negro cannot stand the strain of modern civilization. He is giving way before it."

And there you are. How can we possibly satisfy our friends?

W. I. L. P. F.

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE for Peace and Freedom, under the presidency of Jane Addams, differs from most peace movements. Its first article is *"to promote peace between nations, races and classes"*. Well do I remember the great Peace Society under Andrew Carnegie before the war. Its president announced in a public meeting at the Hotel Astor that the peace they sought had nothing to do with little nations in the Balkans and colored breeds. Verily they had their reward!

This league is not only watching Mexico and Morocco but has recently sent to Haiti a committee of investigation, with Mrs. Addie W. Hunton and Miss Charlotte Atwood as the colored representatives. At their meetings in many cities Negroes are not only tolerated but sought. This is the true highway to world peace. But tell it neither in Gath nor in the Y. M. C. A.

THE REVEREND MR. KING

THE REVEREND GEORGE WALTON KING has been pastor of the white Presbyterian church at 141 West 115th Street, New York, since 1906. Last Sunday he resigned and said, "This section is now almost completely taken by Jews, Catholics and Negro people, so there is no possibility for the accomplishment of any real Christian work". We like Mr. King. He is one of the most honest Christian ministers that it has been our fortune to meet. He says exactly what he means and what tens of thousands of other white ministers mean. The detail that the Lord God will probably kick him out of Heaven for his attitude does not keep us from appreciating Mr. King's honesty.

COTTON

MR. W. M. JARDINE, Secretary of Agriculture in President Coolidge's cabinet, has shown an agility in mental gymnastics for which we

had scarcely given him credit. Speaking in Charleston, South Carolina, on cotton, he succeeded in talking for an hour or so and saying nothing about the American Negro, his labor in raising cotton, his remuneration, the methods of selling forced upon him and the social surroundings which distress him. No, Mr. Jardine confined his speech to high and lofty things and succeeded in saying just about as near nothing as one would expect of a public official who did not dare to tell the truth.

AFRICA

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE on African missions will convene at Le Zoute, Belgium, September 14-21. For some obscure reasons this is going to be a closed conference and particularly closed against American Negroes. Membership is restricted to 250 persons of Europe and South America, of whom 200 are to be selected by missionary societies of the United States, Great Britain and South America, and 50 places are left for government officials—and African "guests". Dr. Fraser, a white African missionary, is to preside. Among the Americans who will take part are Dr. Anson Phelps-Stokes and Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones. J. E. Aggrey, formerly of Livingstone College, will be there and Mr. Jabavu of South Africa. The only American Negro who has been invited, so far as we have been able to learn, is Dr. John Hope of Morehouse College.

MURDER

FEW AMERICANS REALIZE how many homicides take place in the United States. During 1925, 10,100 murders were done in this country and our murder rate is 14 times the murder rate in England. There were more murders in Chicago last year with its population of 3,000,000 than took place in England and Wales with a population of 40,000,000. Our rate is six times the rate of Canada. In the South, and especially in Southern cities like Memphis, the murder rate is worse than the rate in Chicago. Life is cheap in the United States because we despise our neighbors, and we do not greatly care who is killed if it is not one of us or one of our friends. We have been killing Negroes, Italians, Hungarians, Indians and what not with such impunity that the habit of killing has grown upon us. In the South it is a species of public amusement to which certain back districts and city slums are regularly treated. Lynching is, of course, but one phase of this widespread phenomenon. War and Militarism contribute the state of mind. We are a nation of murderers.

A MORAL DILEMMA

A GIRL WAITED to see me in my office. She was blonde, white and *petite*. She smiled at something which she saw or something which she thought she saw in my face: "I am colored," she explained. Then we both smiled. She explained further:

There was a convention of social workers at a New York hotel with representatives drawn from all over the United States. For the first time in its history a colored girl was admitted as a member. At her home it was known that she was of Negro descent and she was sent as representing the colored race. The officials of the conference in New York knew who and what she was. She carefully ordered a single room at the hotel but, arriving, she found that on account of the special rates she must occupy a room with two other girls, one from Wisconsin, the other from Tennessee. What should the "col-

ored" girl do? Should she announce to her room-mates dramatically, "I am a Negro"? or should she say nothing? And if she said nothing would she be accused of "deception" when others present at the conference, who knew the facts, revealed to an astonished world that this pretty little blonde lady had a great-great grandfather who was a Negro slave? So she came down to consult me. What advice would you have given her, gentlest of readers?

THE SATISFIED SOUTH

THERE IS A CERTAIN class of white Southerners which requires for its spiritual satisfaction only the knowledge that the North sins against the Negro just as it does. That apparently proves to its mind that sinning is righteous. Nothing perhaps shows better the inferiority complex of the white South. For instance, many Southerners are gloating over Carteret, New Jersey, and even preening themselves a bit. The Houston, Texas, *Post-Dispatch* declares that "in the South, while individual Negroes are attacked, the Negro race as such is never molested". The Little Rock, Arkansas, *Gazette* is sure that race clashes in the South "do not spring from economic roots", and that Southern mob victims are "almost invariably guilty of an atrocious crime". And the *News-Scimitar* of Memphis, Tennessee, declares that the Southern white draws lines between races but "accepts the individual Negro for what he is".

All three of these statements are false. Southern mobs do not start against crime; they start against Negroes. The victims of lynchers are not necessarily criminals: only yesterday an absolutely innocent black man was done to death in Florida. And finally, the South does not accept the individual Negro for what he is but treats every man of Negro descent as a pariah, no matter what his deserts. All this everybody knows. What is gained by lying about it?

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

ONE OF THE WEAK places in our high schools and colleges has been the teaching of languages. The dead languages have developed a teaching technique, usually a dry-as-dust, indefensible method of teaching human speech. For a long time the teaching of living languages followed the same path and today in most colored schools and colleges the persons who teach French, German and Spanish can neither understand nor be understood in those languages. They teach them, not as languages, but as cross-word puzzles and the result is what one would expect. There are, however, a few institutions like Howard University and Livingstone College where men born on French soil are teaching French and persons who can speak and write Spanish are teaching Spanish; and these languages are being taught in the only way that languages can be taught and that is by having the classes speak, read and write them. The time must speedily come when any person who has studied French and cannot use the French language will be recognized as having done the impossible. On the other hand, no man is educated who cannot speak, read and understand a foreign language. American Negroes ought to be able to visit Europe and the West Indies and talk to their fellows there. If our schools are not preparing for this, they are not schools.

MR. ARCHIBALD

WHEN OUR ROBERT BAGNALL was in Youngstown, Ohio, he talked frankly and simply about race intermarriage. The Reverend A. C. Archibald of the First Baptist Church did

not fully agree with Mr. Bagnall and said so. Mr. Archibald admitted that there was no scientific or biological argument against inter-marriage, but he discovered a "tremendous social instinct" and, as he believed, "a God-implanted determination that racial barriers shall not be demolished"; and that the "Great White Race"—and so forth and so on. Perhaps. But by the same token we might remark that there is in this world a "tremendous social instinct" to merge human races and "a God-implanted determination", at least in the white South and in South Africa and in India, to cross racial barriers, and that foremost in this business has been this same "Great White Race". So far as we can see, the only objection which the Great God White has to racial intermingling is making it legal. On the other hand, our Great God Brown says simply, if you don't want to marry us, don't; but if you must have mulatto children, they'll be born in wedlock or we'll know the reason why. Wherefore the N. A. A. C. P. regards all anti-marriage restrictions as encouragements to bastardy and prostitution and disgraceful attacks upon all decent womanhood. To this Mr. Archibald replies with the irrelevant remark, "Be what you are and be proud of it!" To which we venture to retort,—That depends, Mr. Archibald, entirely upon what you are.

THE SWEET TRIAL

WE ARE NOT SURE that even in their rejoicing most colored Americans appreciate the significance of the acquittal of Henry Sweet. The eleven defendants in Detroit were doomed. The police deliberately lied. Many of the witnesses for the prosecution lied. This was evident to every honest onlooker. The newspapers were prejudiced and biased and the prosecution attorney stooped to appeal to the worst racial antipathy in the community. Under such circumstances the natural thing would have been to convict some, if not all of these defendants of first degree murder. There are thousands of dead Negroes in the United States who have thus been victimized and the jails and penitentiaries are today full of black men just as innocent as these eleven defendants.

In most previous cases the American Negro was in no position to make organized defense. Even in cases where a Defense Fund of moderate proportions might have been raised, the surroundings were such that no white attorney had the courage to take the defense and no black attorney could secure a decent hearing. In Detroit two things happened: *First*, the American Negro went down in his pocket and for the first time in his history put into the treasury of the N. A. A. C. P. an amount of money that meant that these defendants would have a chance for a fair trial. Justice in the United States costs money. No pauper need apply at the barred gates of our criminal courts. *Secondly*, we found in Clarence Darrow a man who dared; whose whole life has been daring; who has had the rare moral courage to stand up and defend, with his singular sincerity, unpopular causes. This was the combination that won in Detroit and it is the combination that is going to win throughout wide futures.

It was well that when the quick, dramatic verdict of acquittal came the audience quivered and sobbed. Charles Edward Russell writes: "I was in Detroit last week and attended the Sweet trial. My dear Doctor, that was one of the great revelations —I wish you could have seen it. You would have thought better than ever of your people."

THE BACKWARD PEOPLES

MRS. NANNIE JACKSON MYERS of Chicago is a lady quite to our liking. When she gets an idea in her head she keeps at it and she proceeds to make the world uncomfortable until something happens. There is in use in the public schools of Chicago a "Community Life and Civic Problems" by a certain H. C. Hill. Mr. Hill says in so many words that the Negroes as a race are shiftless and that Mr. Booker T. Washington recognized the fact. Mrs. Myers read this paragraph and did not believe it. She sat down and wrote to the Board of Education and she wrote fourteen typewritten pages on the subject. The Board referred the letter to Professor Parks of the University of Chicago who thought that the paragraph was simply a "statement of fact". The Assistant Superintendent of Schools then looked into the text and acknowledged that "the paragraph is absurd, in bad taste and clearly out of place in a high school text". "All right," replied Mrs. Myers, "and what are you going to do about it?" The President of the Board of Education suggested to the publisher and author that the textbook be modified and finally, after a couple of months of correspondence, the following change was made:

Present Paragraph, page 333 Hill's Community Life and Civic Problems:

"Indeed, one of the chief causes of the lack of progress among the backward peoples of the earth is the fact that their wants are limited largely to their bodily needs. *The famous Negro leader, Booker T. Washington, tried constantly to make the members of his race dissatisfied with their one-room log cabins so that they would change their shiftless ways and become industrious citizens. A noted traveler tells of an African Negro lad* whose chief desire seems to have been to save enough money to buy several *wives;* that done, he would quit his job as guide and let them work for him the rest of his life. But one day he saw a steamer chair; immediately a new want arose,

Paragraph with changes which Hill suggests making:

"Indeed, one of the chief causes of the lack of progress among the backward peoples of the earth is the fact that their wants are limited to their bodily needs. They are usually satisfied with rude huts to protect them from heat and cold and, as long as they remain content with the bare necessities, they will make no effort toward acquiring more comfortable or beautiful surroundings. A noted traveler tells of a primitive tribesman whose chief desire seems to have been to save enough money to buy several slaves; that done, he would quit his job as guide and let them work for him the rest of his life. But one day he saw a steamer chair; immediately a new want arose,

(Changed portions of paragraph are in Italic).

THE SEGREGATION CASE

OF COURSE we understood at the beginning that we were in danger on the point of jurisdiction and Mr. Marshall made an attempt to avoid the difficulty . . . Mr. Marshall writes me a letter in which he discusses the opinion and concludes by saying "The validity of such a covenant [not to sell property to Colored people] is therefore in every sense an open question. The court did not assume to pass upon it. It felt itself precluded from doing so because of lack of jurisdiction. The saving clauses contained in the paragraph just quoted clearly show that the court advisedly exercised the precaution of disclaiming the purpose of passing on that fundamental question. I therefore felt encouraged rather than discouraged, especially since the court held the case for five months".

MOORFIELD STOREY.

THE MONTH'S NEWS

LOOKING OVER A MONTH of world history we note, first, the *British strike.* It was a gesture of warning which threatened Civil War. We cannot too often repeat that its meaning was simply this: the distribution of income among owners of property, merchants, directors of industry and laborers is today so un-

fair that large numbers of laborers in civilized countries are threatened with degradation and even starvation, and they are determined not to submit to it.———One of the reasons for the small income of laborers is the large expense for war and preparation for war. This makes the preliminary *Conference of International Disarmament* which is now being held at the seat of the League of Nations in Geneva, Switzerland, of great significance. The significance arises, however, not because this Conference is going to do anything; in fact it is going to do next to nothing; but the progress of disarmament lies in the fact of this Conference which recognizes disarmament as a pressing world problem. Eventually, something must be done. There is on earth today no more idiotic anomaly than the sight of a world, that wants peace, facing bankcuptcy because of preparations for war.———There has been revolution in *Poland*. Poland is a new state resurrected out of its murder and disruption in 1772, 1792 and 1796. The Congress of Versailles made a new State on paper, and the real question is Who is the Polish state? Is it the land owner, the captain of industry, the city laborer or the peasant? It is this question which Poland is trying to answer by the ancient and silly method of shooting Poles.———Which brings us phonetically if not logically to the *North Pole*. Matthew Henson, the black man who was first at the Pole with Peary, is a clerk in the New York Custom House. A young Southern white man has flown to the Pole in an aeroplane, but he flew so fast he did not have time to drop a flag. A dirigible has flown over the Pole and to Alaska and in the end all but perished with wind and cold. And what good is all this, ask some? To be sure it yields no dividends as yet; but it increases human knowledge and thereon civilization is built. The real leader of the dirigible flight was an Italian.———There are two Italians in jail in Massachusetts and the Supreme Court there says they must die. This seems to us a miserable miscarriage of justice. *Sacco* and *Vanzetti* were arrested and convicted in war hysteria. The evidence that marked them for death then would not be credible today, yet they are doomed.———War is on again in *North Africa* and *Syria*, between white imperialism and brown independence. The whites may win but the price may be the hegemony of Europe in the world. France follows in both these cases the World Will of modern industrial imperialism and she pays a heavy price. She bore the brunt of the war; she suffered the worst destruction in men and property; her Allies are demanding blood money for their debts; and her currency is falling in value. Only in the demand of the French women for the *suffrage*, which is being made articulate by a great international meeting today, is there a sign of returning sanity and hope.———Listen, black folk, and see the millions that *Jews* are raising for the succor of Jews: twenty-five millions of money in this one latest call; and yet there are only three and a half millions of Jews in the United States. When we 12,000,000 Negroes raised $75,000 for self defense right here, there were some critics who had fits.

* * *

THE AUGUST NUMBER of THE CRISIS *is our Education Number. We want before July 1st photographs of college and professional graduates of Northern colleges and group pictures of college graduating classes in Southern colleges. No pictures used can be returned but we appreciate the courtesy of co-operation.*

Detroit

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

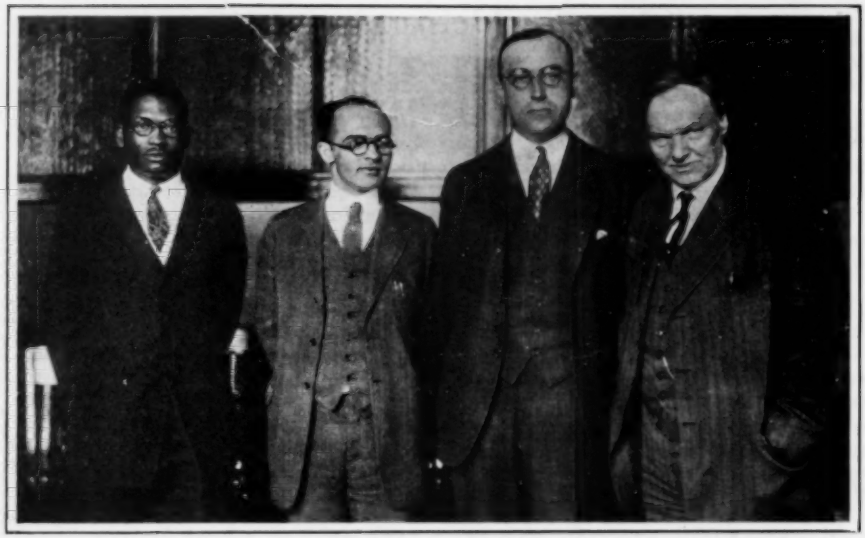
FOR eight months the National Office has been steeped in the Sweet case. It has whipped up every energy and drawn upon every resource to carry the fight through to victory. All of us at the office realized the responsibility involved, and carried the whole matter on our hearts.

But when I entered the Recorder's Court of Detroit on Monday morning, May 3, in the midst of the second trial, I felt myself thrust suddenly, as an individual, into an arena of vital conflict and personally engaged in the struggle. I was at once so gripped by the tense drama being enacted before my eyes that I became a part of the tragedy. And tragedy it was. The atmosphere was tragic. The serried rows of colored faces that packed the courtroom from the rail to the back wall, watching and waiting, were like so many tragic masks. The mild, soft-spoken boy being tried for murder in the first degree and, for the time, carrying the onus of the other ten defendants, and upon whose fate hung the right of the black man to defend himself in his home, was an extremely tragic figure. The twelve white men sitting over against him, under oath to disregard prejudice and to render a true and just verdict between black and white in a land wher race prejudice is far more vital than religion, also became tragic figures. The rugged face of Clarence Darrow, more haggard and lined by the anxious days, with the deep, brooding eyes, heightened the intense effect of the whole.

For a week I listened to testimony and the examination of witnesses. Each day the courtroom on the other side of the rail was packed as tightly as the space would permit. First, the witnesses for the prosecution, most of them members of the police force, evading the truth, distorting the truth, actually lying. And why? Because they were opposed to a Negro moving into a white neighborhood? Not primarily. The policemen who testified felt, even though a man's liberty was at stake, that they had to justify the course which the police had followed in the case. And so policeman after policeman, under oath, testified that on the night of the shooting, the streets around the Sweet house were almost deserted. From their description of the scene the vicinity was like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village". And thus they showed themselves willing to swear away a man's liberty for life in order to save the face of the Police Department. For if it was shown that there was a mob around the Sweet home on that fateful night the Police Department would become responsible for all the consequences, because it allowed that mob to assemble. But it was proven that there was a mob of five hundred persons or more. This was proven by disinterested witnesses for the defense; and the police did nothing to prevent the gathering of that mob. From their own testimony they did not ask a single person what he was doing there or to move away.

The witnesses for the prosecution who were not policemen were admittedly prejudiced against colored people and opposed to their living in white neighborhoods. They were for the most part members of the Waterworks Improvement Association, organized for the purpose of keeping colored people out of white neighborhoods, and home owners in the vicinity in which Dr. Sweet had purchased. And so, like the policemen, they were interested witnesses. They did not have their faces to save but they felt that they had their property to save. One of these witnesses with a Germanic name and the face of a moron, on Mr. Darrow's cross-examination, stated that he and his neighbors were organized to keep "undesirables" out of the neighborhood. He, of course, listed Negroes at the head of the "undesirables". When further pressed by Mr. Darrow he added "Italians". When still further pressed he stated that they did not want anybody but Americans. When Mr. Darrow asked him if he knew that Negroes had been in America for more than three hundred years, longer than any of his ancestors, and that America was discovered by a great Italian, he had no words for answer.

Witnesses for the defense restored my faith in human nature—and not because they were for the defense but because they showed they were telling the truth. The white witnesses for the defense were ab-



MR. SWEET MR. PERRY MR. CHAWKE MR. DARROW

solutely without interest. It was plain that they could have no motive for testifying that there was a mob around the Sweet house on that eventful night, except in behalf of truth. And although racial interest might have been imputed to the colored witnesses, nevertheless, because they were speaking the truth they carried conviction. And perhaps more impressive still was the fact that the colored witnesses who testified showed themselves far superior intellectually, culturally and socially, to the white witnesses who were among those opposed to the Sweets moving into their neighborhood.

During all the days of the testimony the court and the crowd listened intently to every word that fell from the lips of the witnesses. The crowd was sensitive, like a barometer, to the ups and downs of the testimony. Whenever Darrow or Chawke scored in their cross-examination a ray of light lit the sea of dark faces, and when the prosecutors won a point sombre tragedy would again settle down.

On Saturday night, May 8, both sides rested.

On Monday morning the attorneys for the defense made the motions for dismissal or a directed verdict and, as was expected, the motions were denied. The argument for the State was then opened by the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney who made a fierce attack upon the Sweets and their motives. He closed by drawing for the jury a picture of the cold, stark body of Leon Breiner, the white man who had been killed. He stressed the words, "I hold a brief for Leon Breiner". He was followed in the afternoon by Mr. Chawke for the Defense. Mr. Chawke spoke with all of the skill and power of the great criminal lawyer that he is.

On Tuesday morning every available space in the courtroom was taken up. Even within the railing spectators were closely packed together. There were hundreds of colored people and a large number of interested whites. There were prominent lawyers and jurists of Detroit. When the court opened not another person could be squeezed into the courtroom. Clarence Darrow was to speak.

For nearly seven hours he talked to the jury. I sat where I could catch every word and every expression of his face. It was the most wonderful flow of words I ever heard from a man's lips. Clarence Darrow, the veteran criminal lawyer, the psychologist, the philosopher, the great humanist, the great apostle of liberty, was bringing into play every bit of skill, drawing upon all the knowledge, and using every power that he possessed. Court and jury and spectators had unrolled before them a com-

plete panorama of the experiences, physical and spiritual, of the American Negro, beginning with his African background, down to the present—a panorama of his sufferings, his struggles, his achievements, his aspirations. Mr. Darrow's argument was at once an appeal for the Negro because of the injustice he has suffered, a tribute to him for what he has achieved in spite of handicaps and obstacles, and an indictment of the morality and civilization of America because of the hypocrisies and brutalities of race prejudice. At times his voice was as low as though he were coaxing a reluctant child. At such times the strain upon the listeners to catch his words made them appear almost rigid. At other times his words came like flashes of lightning and crashes of thunder. He closed his argument with an appeal that did not leave a dry eye in the courtroom. When he finished I walked over to him to express in behalf of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People my appreciation and thanks. His eyes were shining and wet. He placed his hands on my shoulders. I stammered out a few words but broke down and wept, and I was not ashamed of my tears.

On the following morning the Prosecutor closed the argument for the State. He began as though he intended to rival Mr. Darrow in paying a tribute to the Negro race, but his beginning was only a background to set off what he really meant to say. Some of the things he said brought quick and firm objections from our lawyers. He spoke in rather high terms of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and then added that if he had a mind like some people he would say it was an organization for the purpose of foisting colored people into white neighborhoods, for the purpose of promoting social equality, and for the purpose of bringing about an amalgamation of the races. The defense attorneys objected and the Judge admonished, but this appeal to prejudice the jury had already heard. At another time he virtually asked the jury what would they as twelve white men, if they brought in a verdict of not guilty, answer to white men who asked them about their verdict. Here again the defense lawyers objected, but the jury again had heard. In his zeal to convict, the Prosecutor overstepped legal lines and called the jury's attention to the fact that the defendant had not taken the stand and testified in his own behalf to contradict certain statements which had been made. Mr. Chawke was immediately on his feet and objected. The objection was sustained and the grounds were laid for a reversible error. The point was one which has been several times sustained by the Supreme Court of Michigan and the courts of various other states. When the Prosecutor finished the court adjourned for the day.

The next morning, Thursday, the courtroom was again crowded, to hear the charge of the Judge. For two and a half hours Judge Murphy charged the jury. The charge contemplated the law involved from every point and yet it was not the dry dust of the law books. It was eloquent and moving. In his charge, as in presiding over the case, Judge Murphy showed himself absolutely fair and impartial. Indeed, he was in the highest degree the just judge. The jury went into deliberation immediately after lunch. We were hopeful but not sanguine. We counted that the worst we could get would be another mistrial. It was commonly expressed that a mistrial was the probable verdict. We were heartened by the fact that, in case of a verdict of guilty in any degree, we held in our hands the ace of a reversible error.

I left the courtroom after the charge to the jury and sent a telegram to the National Office. I walked over to Judge Jayne's court and talked with him for a while. Then, feeling not at all like eating, I went back to the courtroom to wait. The crowd that had waited patiently for days was still waiting. Suddenly there was a pounding on the jury room door. The officer in charge of the jury answered and found that the jury wanted further instructions. Neither the Judge nor the attorneys had yet returned from lunch. There was nothing to indicate the need of hurry. Everybody expected the jury would ask for further instructions and be locked up for the night. A little later the Judge and the attorneys returned to the court. The attorneys began to draft instructions that would be acceptable to both sides on the point raised by the jury. I sat in the Judge's ante-chamber and watched them while they worked. Mr. Chawke made the first draft on a yellow pad. The Prosecuting Attorney revised and amended. Mr. Darrow and the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney expressed their views. The draft was at last agreed upon

by the four attorneys. The Prosecutor had just torn from the pad the sheets that contained the written words to pass them in to the Judge when the officer in charge of the jury entered the room and announced that a verdict had been reached. Everybody in the room was amazed. We for the defense, in spite of ourselves, were seized with apprehension. The probabilities were that a verdict so quickly reached was a compromise verdict. There was even the possibility of a verdict of guilty as charged. These thoughts ran through all our minds. They showed themselves in the quickly changing expressions of the Prosecutors. Both attorneys for the prosecution, perhaps unconsciously, assumed a magnanimous air. It was as much as to say, "We are sorry; it is too bad; but we had to do our official duty". These thoughts were quickly transmitted to the waiting crowd in the courtroom and with the crowd the fears and apprehensions were magnified.

The court re-convened. The Judge ascended to the bench. Mr. Chawke came over and whispered a word of encouragement to Henry Sweet. I sat next to Henry Sweet. I put my hand on his arm and said, "No matter what happens the National Association will stand by you to the end".

The jury was called in. They filed in solemnly and took their places facing the bench. The clerk asked, "Gentlemen, have you arrived at a verdict?" The answer was, "We have". I then began to live the most intense thirty seconds of my whole life. The verdict was pronounced by the foreman in a strong, clear voice which filled the courtroom, "Not Guilty".

The effect is electrical. We are transported in a flash from the depths to the heights. Someone starts to applaud but brings his hands together only once. A simultaneous sigh of relief goes up from the hundreds outside the rail. I look around. Women are sobbing convulsively, and tears are running down the cheeks of men. I get a confused vision of Henry Sweet, Dr. Sweet and his wife shaking hands with the jury and thanking them, shaking hands with Mr. Darrow and Mr. Chawke and thanking them. They are followed by others. It seems that everybody is shaking hands and giving thanks.

The verdict was recorded upon the oath of the jury and thus was reached what we believe to be the end of the most dramatic court trial involving the fundamental rights of the Negro in his whole history in this country.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

THE CHICAGO CONFERENCE

SHORTLY after this issue of THE CRISIS reaches its readers, the Seventeenth Annual Conference will convene at Chicago. Delegates and members will reach that city during the day of Wednesday, June 23rd, which will be given over to registration, assignment to stopping places, and other such details. The Opening Mass Meeting will be held that evening at 8:00 o'clock at Bethesda Baptist Church, 53rd Street and Michigan Avenue, when the musical program will last from 8:00 o'clock until 8:30. Promptly at the latter hour the speeches will begin with addresses of welcome by Dr. Herbert A. Turner, President of the Chicago Branch, Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago, the reading of an address by Moorfield Storey, and speeches by United States Senator Charles S. Deneen and William Pickens.

The Thursday evening mass meeting will be held at Ebenezer Baptist Church, 45th Street and Vincennes Avenue; the mass meeting on Friday evening, June 25th, at Pilgrim Baptist Church, 33rd Street and Indiana Avenue; the mass meeting on Sunday, June 27th, at which Clarence Darrow will be the feature speaker, at the Auditorium Theatre, Congress Street at Wabash

Avenue; the mass meeting on Monday evening at Pilgrim Baptist Church; and on Tuesday evening when the Spingarn Medal will be presented, at Wendell Phillips High School Auditorium, Pershing Road and Prairie Avenue.

Conference Headquarters will be at the Pilgrim Baptist Church, 33rd Street and Indiana Avenue. All business sessions which will be held morning and afternoon on Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday of the Conference week, will be at this church. Here also will be registration and information bureaus, book booth and the Conference office.

Among the national characters who will speak at the Conference are Mrs. Addie W. Hunton, former Field Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P. and now President of the Empire State Federation of Women's Clubs; Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Pastor of the Community Church of New York City and one of the great platform orators of America; President John Hope of Morehouse College, Atlanta; Judge Albert F. George, Chicago's Negro Magistrate; Harry E. Davis of Cleveland, member of the Ohio State Legislature; Congressman Martin B. Madden; Bishop Archibald J. Carey of the A. M. E. Church; Senator Adelbert H. Roberts, Negro member of the Illinois State Senate; Arthur B. Spingarn, Vice-President of the N. A. A. C. P. and Chairman of the National Committee of the Association; Paul Robeson, distinguished singer and actor (if engagements permit); Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, James Weldon Johnson, Mary White Ovington, William Pickens, Robert W. Bagnall, and numerous others.

The business sessions will feature delegates and speakers from all parts of the United States. These sessions will be devoted to the discussion of and action upon concrete problems like the issue of segregation, disfranchisement and other pressing questions. Delegates have been reported from all parts of the United States and there will be at Chicago the largest gathering of any Annual Conference of the Association. Delegates, members and friends are urged to register immediately upon reaching Chicago and a most cordial invitation is extended to all interested persons to meet with us. All sessions are open to the public and there is no admission charged.

THE Supreme Court of the United States handed down on May 24th its decision in the now famous case of Curtis and Corrigan v. Buckley, et al. In its decision the court, because of lack of jurisdiction, refused to pass on the case which involved the right of white property owners to enforce an agreement barring Negroes from owning and occupying houses in certain residential sections.

The full text of the decision has not been received from Washington at the time that this is being written. When, however, it has been printed the legal committee of the N. A. A. C. P. will be called together and will determine the next steps to be taken. It is gathered from the excerpts from the opinion published in the daily press that the Supreme Court left open two questions, one, that of public policy and the other, the constitutional question. This means simply that this case or another like it must be carried back to the Supreme Court and so framed that the court cannot evade meeting the issue squarely.

Pending the announcement of further action by the N. A. A. C. P. attorneys in this most vital case, the National Office announces that it has "just begun to fight"! The case will be resolutely pushed until it is won.

Twelve CRISIS *prize babies have been crowded out by Detroit this month and the college graduates of August. We shall welcome them in September.*

Holiday

ARNA BONTEMPS

When I consider all the people on this street
I am sad.
I am pained
With thoughts of little feet,
Black, brown, and yellow feet
Walking up and down,
Going nowhere.
My heart breaks
When I think of people on this lonely street.

For Unborn Children

A Play in One Act

MYRTLE A. SMITH LIVINGSTON

This play won the third prize of $10 *in* THE CRISIS *Contest of* 1925. *It cannot be reproduced without permission. Persons interested may write* THE CRISIS.

"I was born in Holly Grove, Arkansas, on May 8, 1902, but have lived in Denver, Colorado, since I was eight years old, receiving a part of my education in the public schools there. I attended Howard University, Washington, D. C., for two years, where I was a member of the Rho Psi Phi Medical Sorority. I am now a senior student at Colorado Teachers College, Greeley, Colo., where I was a partner in the organization and presentation of a dance rhythm, and am a member of a writers' association, 'The Modern Wills'. I married in June, 1925."

MRS. SMITH LIVINGSTON

The scene of the play is "Somewhere in the South"; the characters are all of Negro descent except the "young white girl" and the members of the mob. The time is the present.

CHARACTERS:

LeRoy Carlson.....a young lawyer
Marion Carlson.....his sister
Grandma Carlson.....his grandmother
Selma Frazier.....a young white girl
A mob.

A living room is tastefully, though not richly, furnished, denoting the occupancy of a refined family, evidently of the middle class. There is a sofa to one side, a table in the center, and a leather comfort-chair in the corner; another leather chair sits in the upper part of the room. A window is in the rear. There are two entrances, one right and one left. Marion is seen sitting on the sofa reading the evening paper as the curtain rises. After perusing it quietly for a minute, she throws it down and goes to the window, peering out into the night.

Her grandmother, a gentle, well-bred, old lady enters.

Grandma Carlson—Hasn't Roy come yet, Marion?

Marion—No, he hasn't, grandmother; and I'm beginning to get worried; it's almost 9 o'clock now and he said he'd be here by 6.

Grandma Carlson—Did you telephone the office for him?

Marion—Yes; he left about 5:30, they said.

Grandma Carlson—(with a sigh sits in the comfort-chair) I suppose he's somewhere with that girl again.

Marion—Oh! If he would only let her alone! He knows what it will mean if they find it out; it's awful for him to keep us in this terrible suspense!

Grandma Carlson—Do you suppose talking to her would do any good? Do you know her?

Marion—Yes, by sight; as far as I know she's a nice enough girl all right, but then she's white and she ought to stay in her own race; she hasn't any right to be running around after our men. I know it wouldn't be of any use to talk to her; and Roy—!

Grandma Carlson—Yes, dear, I know; we hardly dare to say anything to him about it; but, Marion, we've got to do something!

Marion—But, grandmother, what? I'm at my wit's end! Since they can't be married here, they're going to run away and go north someplace where they can, and (despairingly) I don't see anything we can do to stop them!

Grandma Carlson—(sadly and preoccupied) I suppose I'll have to tell him;—well, if it will stop him—

Marion—Tell him what?

Grandma Carlson—(with a start as she

realizes she has said something she didn't intend to) Oh, nothing, child; look again; don't you see him yet?

Marion—No. Oh! It's terrible not knowing whether he's all right or if some mob has—(buries her face in her hands).

Grandma Carlson—(wincing) No,—no—don't say that!

Marion—But you know that's what will happen if it's found out before they get away!

Grandma Carlson—(moaning) Oh, my child! I don't know which would be the hardest to bear! I'd almost rather that he should die now than to mary a white woman, but O! Dear Lord! Not such a death as that!

(The noise of a door being unlocked is heard outside; it is opened and then shut.)

Marion—(relieved) Here he is now; well, thank goodness, it hasn't happened yet. (Her nervous tension relaxes and her anger rises throughout the following scene.)

LeRoy enters.

LeRoy—(throws cap on table) Hello; (smiles sheepishly) been giving me "Hail Columbia", I guess, haven't you?

Marion—(sarcastically) This is what you call 6 o'clock, I suppose, is it?

LeRoy—I'm sorry, sis; I had an engagement and I couldn't make it here by then; I meant to call you and let you know, but,—well, I'm sorry.

Grandma Carlson—We were just worried; you know we can't feel very easy these days, Roy, when we don't know where you are; you know the sentiment down here.

Marion—(bitterly) What does he care about how we feel? His family and his career too, for that matter, mean nothing to him now; and his whole heart and soul are wrapped up in his girl,—a white girl! I guess your engagement this evening was with her; I know it was!

LeRoy—(trying to control his temper) Yes, it was; I still have the liberty of making an engagement with anyone I choose, Marion.

Grandma Carlson—But you haven't the right, son, to cause us unnecessary worry and pain. You know how much your sister and I both care about you, and it wouldn't be much to just let us know where you are.

LeRoy—(contritely) I didn't mean to worry, you, Granny; I was on my way home when—her note was brought to me, and I didn't have time to call you then. But you won't have to worry about me much longer now, anyway; we've decided to leave tomorrow night.

Marion—(shocked) Tomorrow night? Good Heavens, Roy! You can't go through with it! Have you lost all your manhood?

Gandma Carlson—(her voice throbs with pain) Ah, boy, you've forgotten us! Don't you love us at all anymore since she came into your life?

LeRoy—O, Granny, I hate to leave you and sis; but you know we can't stay here and marry, confound these laws! It will be better for us to go some place where we aren't known, anyway. I wish you and Marion could go with us.

Marion—(almost hysterical) I wouldn't go a step with you and your white woman if I was going to be killed for it! If you've lost your self-respect, I still have mine! I wouldn't spit on a woman like her! There must be something terribly wrong with her, for white women don't marry colored men when they can get anybody else! You poor fool! If it's color you want, why couldn't you stay in your own race? We have women who are as white as any white person could be! My God! What is to become of us when our own men throw us down? Even if you do love her can't you find your backbone to conquer it for the sake of your race? I know they're as much to blame as we are, but intermarriage doesn't hurt them as much as it does us; laws would never have been passed against it if the states could have believed white women would turn Negro men down, but they knew they wouldn't; they can make fools out of them too easily, and you're too much of a dupe to see it! Well, if you marry her, may God help me never to breathe your name again! (runs from the room sobbing).

LeRoy—(sorrowfully and pleadingly) Oh, Granny, you don't feel that way too, do you? Selma and I can't help it because we don't belong to the same race, and we have the right to be happy together if we love each other, haven't we?

Grandma Carlson—(sadly) We have the right to be happy, child, only when our happiness doesn't hurt anybody else; and when a colored man marries a white woman, he hurts every member of the Negro race!

LeRoy—(perplexed) But,—I don't understand;—how?

Grandma Carlson—He adds another link

to the chain that binds them; before we can gain that perfect Freedom to which we have every right, we've got to prove that we're better than they! And we can't do it when our men place white women above their own!

LeRoy—(imploringly) But, Grandmother, I love her so much! Not because she's white, but just for herself alone; I'd love her just the same if she were black! And she loves me too! Oh! I can't believe it would be wrong for us to marry!

Grandma—Sometimes we best prove our love by giving up the object of it. You can't make her happy, Roy; she'll be satisfied for a while, but after that the call of her blood will be stronger than her love for you, and you'll both be miserable; she'll long for her own people; you won't be enough.

LeRoy—(miserably) What shall I do? Oh, Lord, have mercy! Granny, I can't give her up! I couldn't live without her!

Grandma—(with tears in her eyes) Think of the unborn children that you sin against by marrying her, baby! Oh, you can't know the misery that awaits them if you give them a white mother! Every child has a right to a mother who will love it better than life itself; and a white woman cannot mother a Negro baby!

LeRoy—But, Granny—

Grandma — (pathetically) I know, Honey! I've never told you this,—I didn't want you to know,—but your mother was a white woman, and she made your father's life miserable as long as he lived. She never could stand the sight of you and Marion; she hated you because you weren't white! I was there to care for you, but I'm getting old, Honey, and I couldn't go through it again! Boy, you can't make the same mistake your father did!

LeRoy—(in repugnance) Oh, Granny, why didn't you tell me before? My mother, white! I've wondered why you never spoke of her! And she hated us! My God! That makes it different!

(Grandma rises and kisses him on the forehead, holding his face between her hands, and looking deep into his eyes.)

Grandma—I'll leave you alone with God and your conscience, and whatever you decide, I'll be satisfied (goes out).

(LeRoy sits with his head bowed in his hands; presently a light tapping is heard at the window, which finally attracts his attention; he crosses to it, and seeing who is there, motions toward the door, going to open it; Selma enters, almost exhausted.)

Selma—(breathless and terrorized) A mob! — Hurry! — They're — coming—here —after—you. —You—must—go! —Hurry!

LeRoy—(in amazement) A mob—after me?

Selma—Hurry and go!—They're coming now! (a rumble of voices is heard in the distance) (despairingly) Oh! It's too late! (sobs) What shall I do? Oh, they'll—they'll—kill you!

(The rumble grows louder as it nears the house; cries of "Lynch him!" "The dirty nigger!" "We'll show him how to fool around a white woman!" are heard.)

(Grandma Carlson and Marion enter, fearfully apprehensive.)

Marion—(seeing Selma) What's the matter? What's that noise?

Grandma—(as realization dawns upon her; clutches her heart) Oh! It can't be! (falls on her knees and prays) Dear God! have mercy! Oh, Father in Heaven! Do not desert us now! Hear my prayer and save my boy!

LeRoy—(a light breaks over his face and he is transfigured; a gleam of holiness comes into his eyes; looking heavenward he says): Thy will be done, O Lord! (he turns and takes Selma's hands in his) It has to be, sweetheart, and it is the better way; even though we love each other we couldn't have found happiness together. Forget me, and mary a man of your own race; you'll be happier, and I will too, up there. Goodbye. (He turns to Marion) Forgive me, sis, if you can.

Marion—(sobs heartbrokenly) There isn't anything to forgive, Roy! It's I you should forgive! I'm sorry for everything I said! Oh, God! I can't stand this!

LeRoy—(soothingly) Dont' cry, sis; what you said was right; and I want you to know that even if this hadn't happened, I was going to give her up (kisses her tenderly).

(Picks his grandmother up from the floor and holds her close in his arms)

It's better this way, Granny; don't grieve so; just think of it as a sacrifice for UNBORN CHILDREN!

A voice is heard outside:—Come out, you damned nigger, or we'll burn the house down!

Marion—(clings to him, sobbing) Don't go, Roy! We'll all die together!

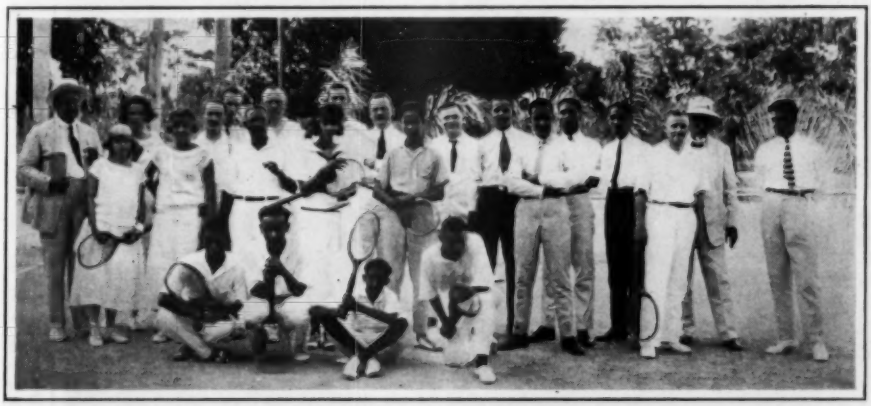
LeRoy—(puts her from him gently) No. (Loud and clear) I'm coming, gentlemen!

(With a last, long, loving look at the three of them he walks out to his death victorious and unafraid.)

CURTAIN.

Haiti

What We Are Really Doing There



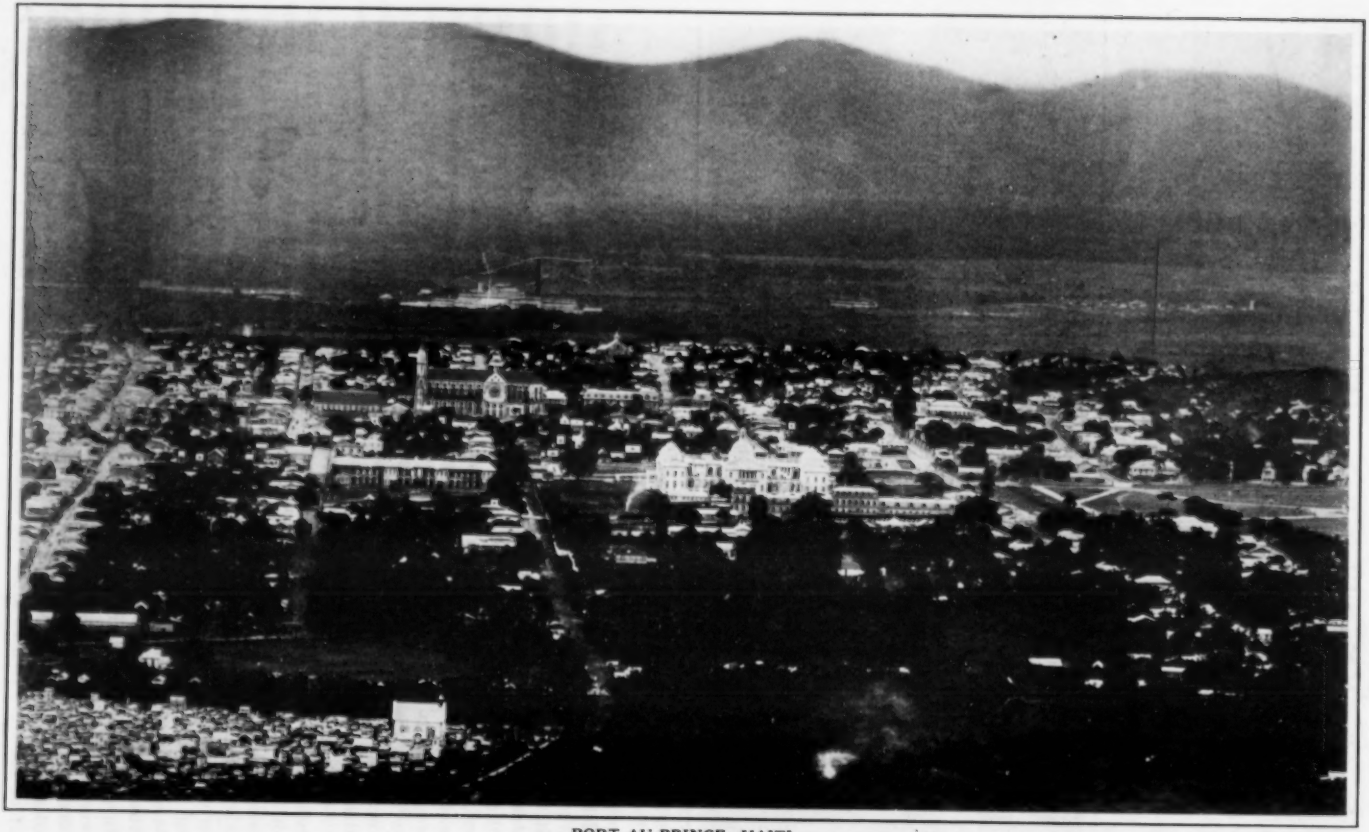
A HAITIAN TENNIS CLUB
Some "Barbarians" we are "civilizing"!

PRESIDENT BORNO "in a statement scintillating with frankness and sincerity, expresses the hope that the United States will continue its supervision over Haitian affairs", according to the inspired news from Washington; and the *New York Times* adds solemnly, "The United States is committed to educating nations in self-government, meanwhile putting their house in order". In just what respect are we putting this nation's house in order?

First, gradually, but very carefully and persistently, we are stealing the land of Haiti and expropriating the peasants in a country which led modern governments in the widespread distribution of the ownership of its soil. But this is only a beginning. We are arranging in Haiti for the debt-slavery of this island to the United States.

In a period of 111 years, Haiti floated in France four loans: First, in 1825, a loan of 24,000,000 francs. This was to pay the "indemnity" which France demanded on behalf of the slave owners after the successful Haiti revolution. This loan was paid in full. A second loan of 21,000,000 francs in 1875 went chiefly for the same purpose. In 1896, Haiti borrowed 50,000,000 francs and in 1910, 65,000,000 francs. These loans were for the consolidation of internal and external debts, for the payment of claims and for redeeming the inflated paper money. Interest and amortization on these debts were paid regularly although the European War, beginning in 1914, interfered somewhat with the sinking fund.

In other words, from 1825 to 1910, Haiti borrowed about $31,000,000 from France and was paying it up, principal and interest, so that in June, 1915, her total indebtedness amounted to 127,811,060 francs or about $25,000,000. As soon as the marines landed in Haiti, Admiral Caperton suspended the payment of all interest and amortization on Haiti's foreign and domestic debt, and for five years not a cent was paid. Thus, in November, 1920, Haiti's total debt had increased to over $30,000,000. In December, 1922, seven years after the



PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

One of the most beautiful tropical cities before the Americans landed and for which the Americans have done practically nothing.

landing of the marines, interest was first paid on the internal debt and a $40,000,000 loan was negotiated in the United States.

Of this loan, $23,660,000 has actually been borrowed and the Haitian treasury has paid as interest and commission upon this amount $1,675,911. With the money thus borrowed, $6,971,874 was used in paying the French debt which amounted to 87,023,425 francs. One million dollars was paid to claimants of various sorts and two or three hundred thousand more will be spent thus by the claims commission. A further sum was to be employed in buying live stock, building roads and starting schools. Most of the live stock imported died. Few roads have been built and few schools started. Nevertheless, on these three projects $16,000,000 has been disbursed. Five million dollars was handed over to the International Railroad Company in payment for their utterly unjustifiable claims.

In other words, when the American troops landed in Port-au-Prince July 28, 1915, Haiti was in better financial condition than most European and American countries and she did not owe the United States a single cent. With the depreciation of the French franc her foreign debt could have been paid up in a few years without resorting to a foreign loan. Her internal debt was about to be consolidated and all other claims against her by foreigners could have been easily settled by arbitration. Already, several protocols had been signed with this nation for the settlement of such claims.

Nothwithstanding that this $40,000,000 loan was forced upon Haiti and was really an act of international violence. The President agreed to launch that loan in the United States in order to win the support of the American High Commissioner and to become President. On the other hand, Haiti's financial capacity is limited, being based mainly on the coffee export duty of $3 a hundred pounds. Usually about 60,000,000 pounds of coffee are exported annually yielding less than two million dollars in taxes. Nevertheless, expenses are mounting: when the International Railroad is completed, the treasury will have to pay 6% guaranteed interest on every kilometer built and accepted, which will amount to $800,000 a year when the railroad is finished. How much of this must be paid this year is not known.

Other subsidies must be paid as follows: 6% guarantee of interest on the P. C. S. Railroad, $41,280; subsidy to the Port-au-Prince Wharf Company, $40,200; subsidy to the French Cable Company, $24,000; subsidy to the American Electric Company, $97,800; subsidy to the Conaives Electric Company, $24,375; a total of over a quarter of a million in annual gifts to foreign corporations. The actual budget for the year 1925-1926, including interest on the public debt, commissions and government expenses, will amount to $6,596,254.72, or nearly as much as the total public debt of Haiti from 1825-1910.

On top of this, the administration with its puppet President Borno proposes to complete the $40,000,000 loan by borrowing the remaining $16,000,000 in the United States. Thus we have the prospect of this small and poor country saddled with a debt owed to American bankers; and with an extravagant set of American officials receiving high salaries which will soon amount to an annual income of ten million dollars a year or more and will enslave Haiti for a hundred years. It will involve a taxation which will more and more drive the Haitian peasant out of his land ownership, give the American capitalists a monopoly of all industry, mining and shipping that may grow and reduce this island to the same state that the common laborers, miners and steel workers in America have been reduced without the political power to at least attempt redress of grievances, without laws against the overwork of women and children, without the right to strike and with their independent editors in jail. With the profit thus made by the bankers in Haiti and elsewhere in imperial America we shall be able to hold American working men, white and black, in their places for ages to come. Small wonder that the traitor Borno and the white thieves and bullies in Haiti "scintillate with frankness".

* * *

One of the most interesting enterprises of THE CRISIS *has been a study of the Negro common school system in the southern South. With the aid of a gift from the American Fund for Public Service this investigation has been going on for over a year. The first results will be published in the September number of* THE CRISIS *which will be enlarged by 32 pages for this purpose.*

The Horizon

¶ George B. Jones of St. Louis, a janitor at the court house, has been appointed Assistant to the Circuit Attorney of the City at a salary of $3600. Mr. Jones studied law at night, was admitted to the bar and has been a deputy circuit attorney since 1923.

¶ Lavender M. Green is the only colored decorator of the Woolworth Five and Ten Cents Stores. Mr. Green was born in Danville, Virginia. He was at first employed as porter in his local store and worked at this position three years and was promoted as decorator of the same store. From Danville he was transferred by the company to Washington, D. C., and served there as decorator five years. He was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, thence to Harrisburg where he is still located and doing a most excellent work. Aside from his regular employment as local decorator Mr. Green has opened several new stores for the company in such cities as Philadelphia, Scranton and Altoona. He has been employed by the Woolworth Company twenty-four years.

¶ Dennis A. Forbes, head of the Science Department of A & I State College, Nashville, Tennessee, has won first prize offered by the *Science Classroom* for an essay entitled "How We Made Our Crystal Corner". There were ten prizes, the others being won by white teachers. Another of Mr. Forbes' essays also received honorable mention. Mr. Forbes is a graduate of the Baltimore High School and Howard University and has studied at the University of Chicago.

¶ William F. Hutton of Jamaica, L. I., is dead at the age of 81. For 57 years he has been employed as messenger at the Union Trust Company of 73 Broadway, New York. The officers of the trust company attended the funeral.

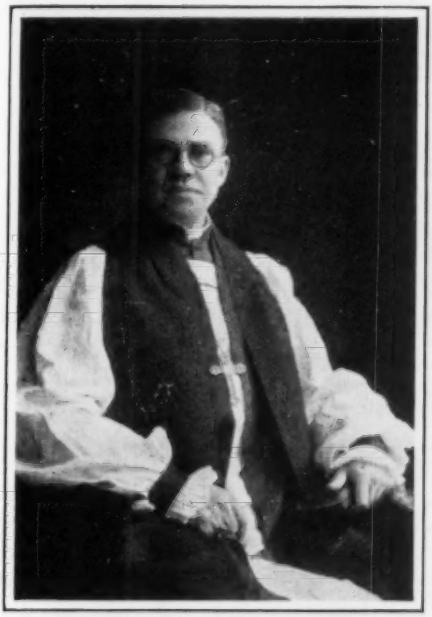
¶ Amos A. Andrews has been a policeman at Sumter, S. C., deputy sheriff for the county, messenger to the Collector of Customs in Charleston, and United States Marshall. For the latter part of his life he has been a railroad clerk and recently was retired under the Compensation Act.

¶ The college class of 1925, Fisk University, whose strike forced a reorganization of the institution, were reinstated finally and most of them have now received their degrees. Members of the class have had their lives insured in a colored insurance company, the Supreme Life and Casualty Company of Columbus, Ohio, in favor of the university.

¶ In the South Negroes are almost universally kept from access to the ocean beaches. A colored company in Mississippi at Waveland, headed by Bishop R. E. Jones of the M. E. Church, is developing 300 acres for a resort and chautauqua.

¶ J. C. Scarborough, a colored funeral director, has given $20,000 worth of property to the colored Ministers Alliance of Durham, N. C., for an orphans home and home for aged colored women.

G. B. JONES L. M. GREEN D. A. FORBES A. A. ANDREWS W. F. HUTTON



THE BISHOP OF LIBERIA

¶ The new Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Liberia is Thomas Erskine Campbell who was, when elected, a member of the Order of the Holy Cross and has long been a worker in Liberia.

¶ In the California Maid Exposition, 6000 songs were sent in to the contest which the California manufacturers instituted. Three colored boys, Leon and Otis René of New Orleans and Benny Ellison of Pittsburgh, wrote the winning song and received the $500 prize.

¶ Miss Elizabeth Calloway, daughter of Mr. John W. Calloway, an old subscriber to THE CRISIS, was the only American girl graduating from the Philippine Normal School in a class of 534. She is the first Colored graduate of that institution, where she was a brilliant student. She has accepted the position offered her as teacher in one of the city schools of Manila. Her picture is on our cover.

¶ At the Repertory Theatre in Boston, "Minick" by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman was given. Among the players was Alice Davis Crawford whose work was especially commended by the critics.

¶ In 17 Southern states there are 98 public and 52 private high schools with an accredited four-year course, for Negroes.

¶ The Deans of 27 colored schools for higher training have formed a national organization. T. B. McKinney of the North Carolina A. and T. College is President and R. O. Lanier of Florida A. and M. College, Secretary.

¶ Among the 80 women who appeared before the Senate Committee in defense of the 18th amendment was Mrs. M. Madré Marshall, a colored teacher of Washington.

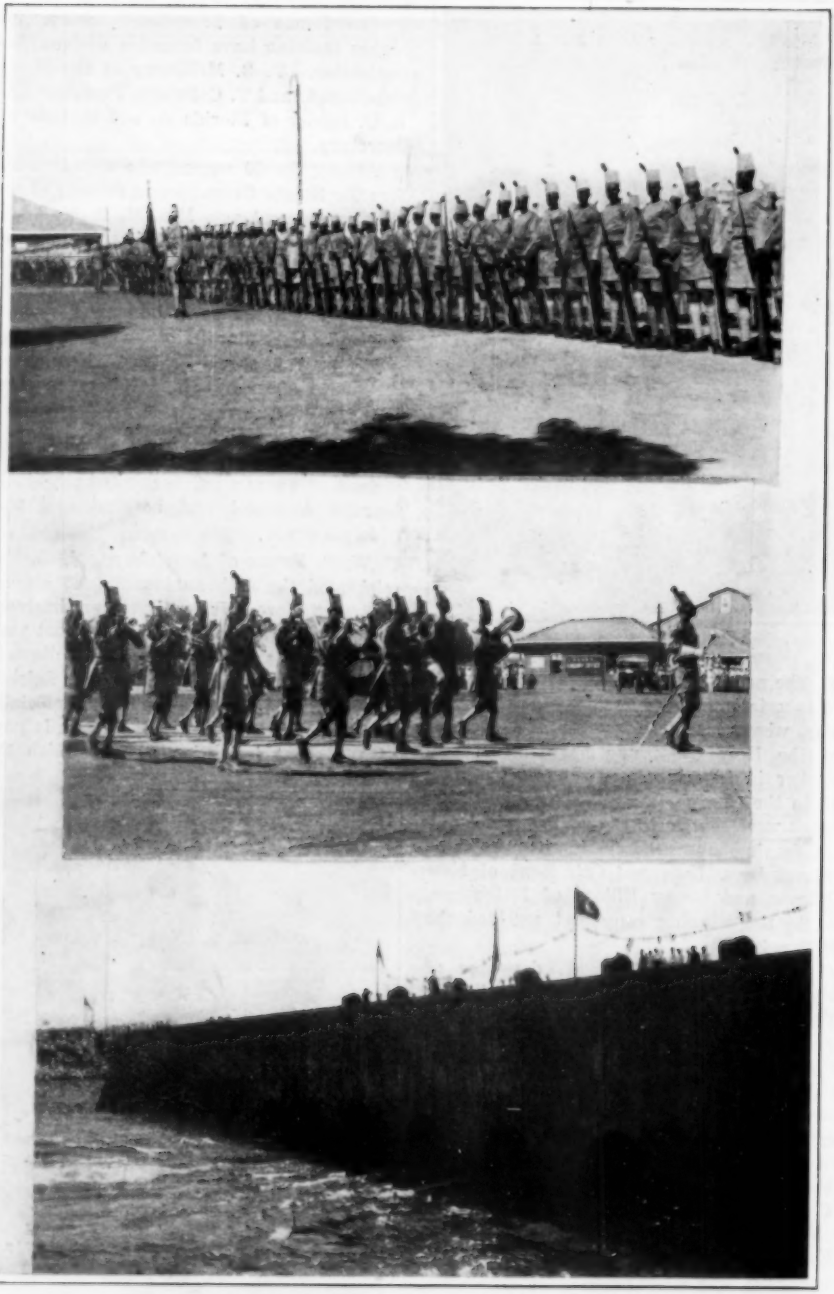
¶ George Byers, a Negro taxicab driver of Boston, went to the rescue of people trapped in a burning building on Columbus Avenue. He sounded the alarm and then, with Robert H. Cook, another driver, drove his cab on the sidewalk beneath the windows and rescued many of the inmates from the windows.

¶ Dr. John H. Alston of Summerville, S. C., is dead. He was a public spirited physician, founded a school and hospital and was widely known.

¶ W. P. Evans of Laurinburg, N. C., has celebrated the 40th anniversary of his department store. It is the oldest business house in Laurinburg and his sales last year amounted to a hundred thousand dollars.

¶ The great Sennar Dam has been finished in the Sudan, Egypt, and was officially opened in January of this year. It is part of the great irrigation system which the

MESSRS. RENE, RENE and ELLISON



CEREMONIES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GR[illegible]EN

(Above) The Sudanese Guard; (Center) The military band; (Below) Part of the great dam

GR[illegible]ENNAR DAM, KHARTOUM, EGYPTIAN SUDAN

(Above) Decoration of a black Sudanese officer; (Center) The Grand Mufti, chief religious judge of the Mohammedans, reading in Arabic the message of King George; (Below) The English High Commissioner decorates Abd-el Rahman El Mahdi, the son of the conqueror of General Gordon.

British are carrying out in order to raise cotton and other crops. The dam was begun in 1914 and is two miles in length, has a million tons of masonry and iron work, a reservoir 50 miles long with a capacity of 140,000,000 gallons of water. It feeds 3697 miles of canals and 5,589 miles of field channels. The Sudan government paid $65,000,000 for the work. It will be noted in our pictures that all of the great Sudanese officials and all of the soldiers are black.

¶ In the whole city of Baltimore there are only 248 beds for colored people available in the hospitals.

¶ A five-day social hygiene institute has been held in Atlanta, Ga., for Negro social workers. It was under the Atlanta School of Social Work of which E. Franklin Frazier is the head.

¶ *The Silent Worker*, published for the deaf, has a note on Mrs. Blanche W. Williams who is a teacher at the Colored Blind and Deaf School, Austin, Texas. She is a graduate of the Minnesota School for the Deaf at Faribault and has taught in many institutions.

¶ The *Rock Island Magazine*, published by the railroad of that name, had in December, 1925, a page of pictures devoted to their colored employees. It showed pretty homes, high school students and various artisans. There are 72 Negro employees of the railroad in Davenport, Iowa, and vicinity who own property valued at $141,700.

¶ The Older Boys' Conference for the western section of Kentucky was held at Lincoln Institute in December, 1925. Seventy-two boys from seven different high schools attended. Twenty-four towns in the state have Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. committees and are carrying out regular programs. The colored high schools of the state entered the Bible Study Contest. Fifteen hundred white and colored boys and girls entered the contest and three colored high schools won prizes.

¶ A Negro Southern Baseball League including Birmingham, Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, Montgomery, New Orleans, Atlanta and Albany, Georgia, has been formed. Bert M. Roddy of Memphis is president.

¶ The Emporia, Kansas, Colored Jubilee Singers gave a concert recently at the Junior High School. The proceeds went to the milk fund for undernourished school children and the committee in charge, composed of colored and white people, subscribed for THE CRISIS out of the proceeds, for the Carnegie City Library.

¶ Eleven streets occupied by colored people in the city of Augusta, Georgia, are at last going to be paved and have sewerage.

¶ The Knights of Pythias of Louisiana have 183 lodges and paid last year $70,000 in death claims. They have a cash balance of $29,000 besides $67,000 in bonds.

¶ The Maple Hollow Country Club is being developed on 256 acres of land on the highway running between Cleveland and Youngstown, Ohio. The land contains a 43-acre lake. The Hon. Harry E. Davis is president of the Board of Trustees.

¶ Many camps for colored boys and girls are being established. In the vicinity of New York City both the Brooklyn and New York Colored Y. M. C. A. have camps, also the Y. W. C. A.

THE OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE, WESTERN KENTUCKY

The Little Page

From the Friend of All CRISIS *Children*

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

CALENDAR CHAT

I AM going to spell JULY with the birds this time, though this may prove a trifle embarrassing when we get to the U. I find my first letter, J, with ease. There is the Junco. But no, he has gone northward in search of cold before July arrives. So we shall get our July J from the Jay himself, for he—with his beautiful blue and gray and black feathers, and saucy topknot—is almost always on hand, making trouble for the other birds! So much for our J.

And now to the dreadful letter U. Let's see. I rather believe that we must go to South America for the Umbrella Bird, with his gorgeous blue crest over a proud head. He belongs to the crow family in spite of his splendid head-dress or "umbrella".

Then there is the Lark for our next letter in July. How he sings in the meadows in July! His wings are so short that he never goes very far from home; and yet he is always well dressed in tan-color with a vest of yellow. Mrs. Lark makes her nests in a hollowed-out spot on the earth.

I spoke of the gold vest that Larks wear. Here is some more gold or yellow, the Yellowhammer. There is our Y, the last letter for July. Yellowhammer, that large hardy bird, has his wings lined with bright yellow. His coat is near the color of the Lark's. He trots about the lawn after a July rain and pokes his strong beak into the moist earth for worms.

J-ay
U-mbrella Bird
L-ark
Y-ellowhammer. And there we have JULY. The first two birds are very much trimmed with blue and the last two have touches of yellow or gold. In July we have the blue sky and the gold sunset. So we may be perfectly correct in spelling the month with the birds that have blue and gold feathers.

THE WET PIGEON

I saw a baby pigeon wet,
One rainy summer day.
Its gray wing quills were bristled out
In such a funny way.
He looked much like the old rough roof,
On which he crouched alone
Under a right white dripping sky
From which raindrops were blown.

AUNT SUNFLOWER

Aunt Sunflower has a chocolate face,
A hood of butter-yellow.
Her head turns round to watch the sun—
He's such a lively fellow!

HAMMERING

Of all the tools a boy can have,
The hammer suits me best.
You need a hammer more all day
Than any of the rest.

You always can drive in a tack,
Or hammer in a nail,
Or tighten boxes on the edge,
Or fix the old fence rail.

The other tools, except my saw,
Don't make a busy noise.
They're most too still to seem to be
Like anything but toys.

"Krigwa Players Little Negro Theatre"

The Story of a Little Theatre Movement

IT is customary to regard Negroes as an essentially dramatic race; and it is probably true that tropical and sub-tropical peoples have more vivid imagination, are accustomed to expressing themselves with greater physical and spiritual abandon than most folk. And certainly, life as black and brown and yellow folk have known it is big with tragedy and comedy. The home life of Africans shows this natural dramatic tendency; the strides of the native African, the ceremony of home and assembly, the intense interest in music and play, all attest this.

In America, on the other hand, the road to freedom for the Negro lay through religious organization long before physical emancipation came. The Negro church gave the slave almost his only freedom of spirit and of the churches that came to proselyte among the slaves, only those were permanently successful which were strongly tinged with Puritanism, namely: the Baptist and the Methodist. These churches frowned upon drama and the play, upon the theatre and the dance; and for this reason the American Negro has been hindered in his natural dramatic impulses.

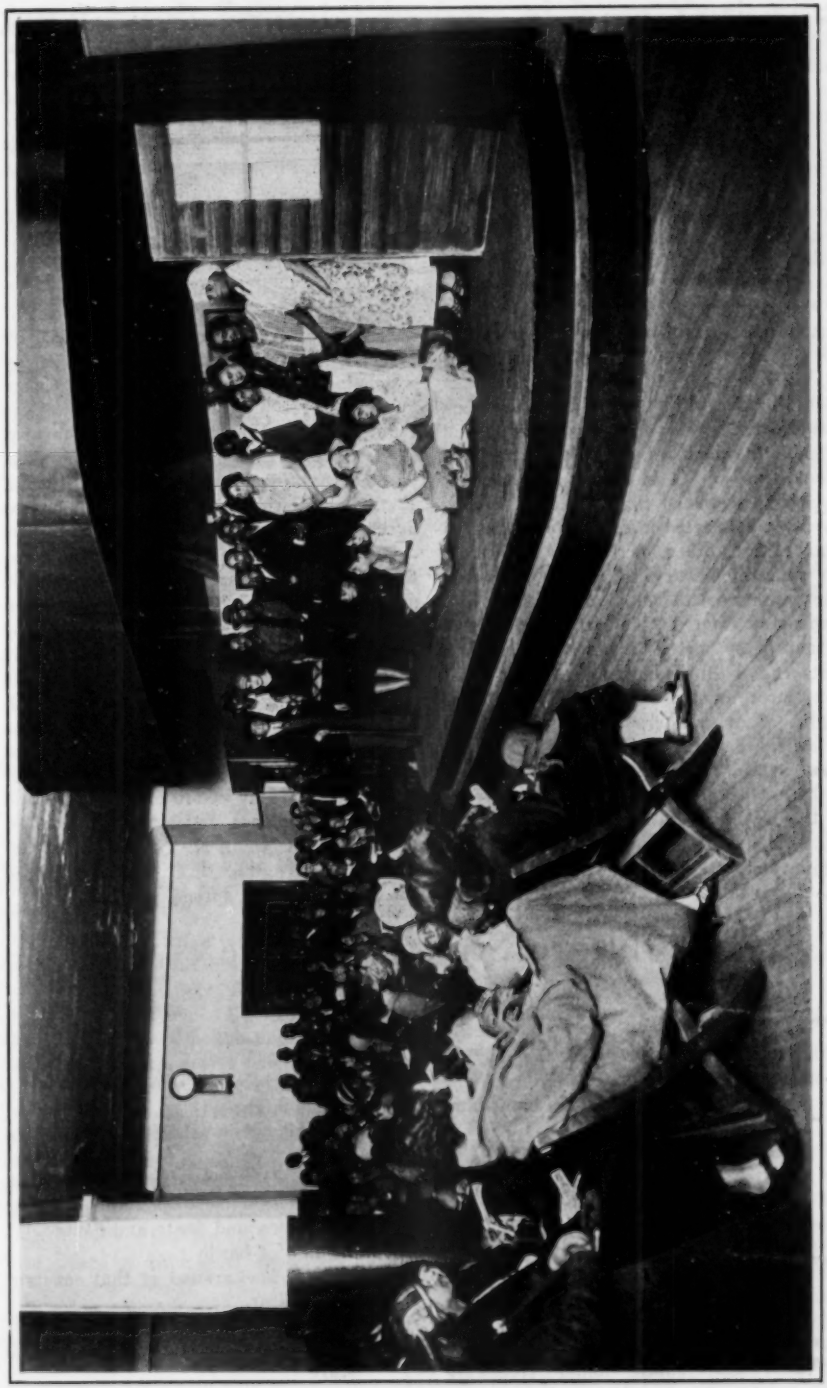
Today as the renaissance of art comes among American Negroes, the theatre calls for new birth. But most people do not realize just where the novelty must come in. The Negro is already in the theatre and has been there for a long time; but his presence there is not yet thoroughly normal. His audience is mainly a white audience, and the Negro actor has, for a long time, been asked to entertain this more or less alien group. The demands and ideals of the white group and their conception of Negroes have set the norm for the black actor. He has been a minstrel, comedian, singer and lay figure of all sorts. Only recently has he begun tentatively to emerge as an ordinary human being with everyday reactions. And here he is still handicapped and put forth with much hesitation, as in the case of "The Nigger", "Lulu Belle" and "The Emperor Jones".

In all this development naturally then the best of the Negro actor and the most poignant Negro drama have not been called for. This could be evoked only by a Negro audience desiring to see its own life depicted by its own writers and actors.

For this reason, a new Negro theatre is demanded and it is slowly coming. It needs, however, guiding lights. For instance, some excellent groups of colored amateurs are entertaining colored audiences in Cleveland, in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Almost invariably, however, they miss the real path. They play Shakespeare or Synge or reset a successful Broadway play with colored principals.

The movement which has begun this year in Harlem, New York City, lays down four fundamental principles. The plays of a real Negro theatre must be: 1. *About us.* That is, they must have plots which reveal Negro life as it is. 2. *By us.* That is, they must be written by Negro authors who understand from birth and continual association just what it means to be a Negro today. 3. *For us.* That is, the theatre must cater primarily to Negro audiences and be supported and sustained by their entertainment and approval. 4. *Near us.* The theatre must be in a Negro neighborhood near the mass of ordinary Negro people.

Only in this way can a real folk-play movement of American Negroes be built up. Even this building encounters certain difficulties. First, there is the problem of the plays. Five years ago there were practically no plays that filled the specifications noted. Already, however, this situation has begun to change on account of the prizes offered by THE CRISIS magazine and other agencies and for other reasons. There are available today a dozen or more plays of Negro life worth staging and the quantity and quality will increase very rapidly as the demand grows. The problem of actors is the least of the difficulties presented. In any group of colored people it is possible to get an unusual number of persons gifted with histrionic ability. The only trouble comes when effort is made to select the actors from limited groups or exclusively from among social acquaintances or friends. The third difficulty, that of a suit-



PLAYHOUSE OF THE LITTLE NEGRO THEATRE, HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY

able playhouse, is real and must be worked out as circumstances permit. There are usually halls that can be used temporarily. Now and then a church is liberal enough to house a play.

In the New York movement, advantage is being taken of the fact that in the center of Harlem there is a branch of the New York Public Library which has in its basement a lecture room. The administration of this library has in the last few years changed from an attitude of aloofness from its Negro surroundings, and even resentment, to an attitude which recognizes that this library is serving a hundred thousand Negroes or more. It specializes on books which Negroes want to read; it subscribes to their periodicals and has lectures and art exhibits which attract them.

Some time ago Miss Ernestine Rose, the Librarian, suggested that a Little Theatre movement be started in connection with this library; but other activities interfered. This year the library authorities expressed their willingness to help equip a small and inexpensive stage in the lecture room and a group of 30 persons interested in such a theatre has been organized.

Foremost among these is Charles Burroughs. Charles Burroughs was trained in the college department of Wilberforce and at the School of Expression in Boston and has been a dramatic reader for many years for the Board of Education in New York City. He has been unusually successful in training actors as was shown by his training the groups which gave the pageant, "The Star of Ethiopia", in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

In the Harlem Little Negro Theatre the library authorities built the stage and dressing rooms and furnished the lighting equipment. The players group furnished the curtain, the scenery, gave the plays and secured the audiences. Three one-act plays were selected, for the initial experiment. Two were tragedies by Willis Richardson: "Compromise", which was published in *The New Negro*, and "The Broken Banjo", which took the first prize in THE CRISIS Contest of 1925. The third, "The Church Fight", by Mrs. R. A. Gaines-Shelton, is a comedy which took the second prize in THE CRISIS Contest of 1925. A cast of 20 persons was required and they rehearsed faithfully. Louise Latimer, assisted by Aaron Douglas, painted the scenery and on May 3, 10 and 17 the plays were given before full houses averaging 200 persons at each performance.

The success of the experiment is unquestioned. The audiences were enthusiastic and wanted more. The price of admission to membership in the group which gave the right to see the performances was only 50 cents and the total expense of staging the plays, not counting expenditures by the Library, was about $165 while the returns were something over $240. The players not only perform plays but they welcome other groups under easy conditions to come and use their playhouse under their patronage.

A second K. P. L. N. T. is being organized in Washington, D. C., and it is hoped the movement will spread widely.

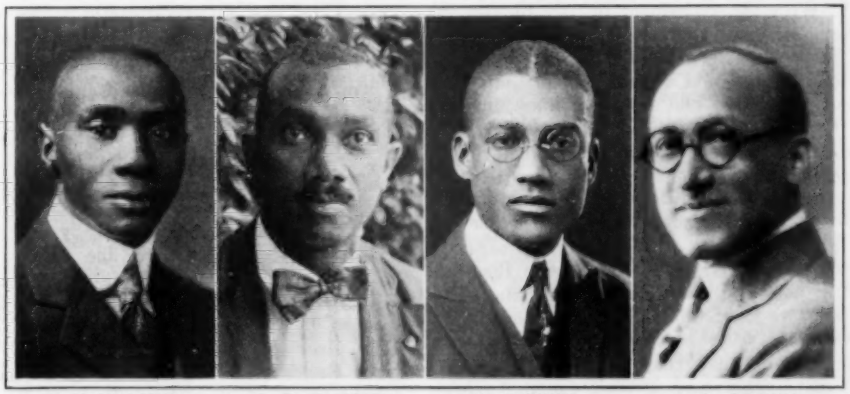
Negro Street Serenade

(In the South)

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

THE quavering zigzag of the fiddle's notes;
The thumping "tum-tum" of the banjo and guitar;
The gauzy quiver, flutter of the fiddle;
The measured muffled thud of that guitar!
And then a voice breaks forth—
Loose, careless, mellow—
A wealth of voice that rolls, soars,
Rolls and falls,
A reveling, rich voice,
Deeper than the banjo's;
With more of melody than fiddles' trebles,
Yet with that subtle minor trembling through
Which shakes the viol's slender vibrance
As the winds might—
And all of this out in a half-hushed autumn dusk!
The autumn air itself is tense, suspended,
And into this that most spontaneous song!
Which ripples on and floats and floats
Midst "thum" of banjo
And rhythmic background of that constant taut guitar,
And travels with the wavers of the fiddle,
To float and rise and rest with moon and star!

Some High School Teachers of New York City



W. N. HUGGINS G. F. NORMAN W. RANKIN J. S. BROWN

"He walked erect through the surging crowd,
And ne'er the flash of his bright eye cowed;
And no one asked who his forebears were,
And none, on his race, thought to cast a slur."

These lines are not an attempt to introduce the reader to an imaginary Utopia, nor to pretend that they usher in the oft-mentioned millennium. It is an effort to depict a rather accurate picture of the happy conditions that have prevailed and still continue in the teaching profession in New York City.

This almost ideal condition began with the administration of the late Dr. William H. Maxwell as City Superintendent of Greater New York. Under his regime teachers were listed in the Board of Education with no mark, secret or open, to designate their race. A great deal of credit is due the late Miss Elizabeth Frazier, whose determined pioneer work made this possible. Before long it became the habitual assertion of Dr. Maxwell, when answering inquiries from various sources as to the colored teachers in New York City, to reply: "The Board of Education knows no teachers by race or creed".

When Dr. William L. Bulkley, now retired, was first installed as principal of the large and beautiful Public School 65, and some of the teachers in the school, not of his own race, objected vehemently to his appointment as their head, and made threats of resigning if Dr. Bulkley remained, Dr. Maxwell very calmly told the press that he was ready to receive the resignations of any teachers in that school who desired to tender them. But strange to say no resignations were presented. Dr. Bulkley held his post; and by his skillful administration made those who stayed "to scoff" begin "to praise".

This attitude of Dr. Maxwell solved the status of the colored teacher in this cosmopolitan city, where its teaching corps is drawn from the four quarters of the globe. Here one touches shoulders with English, French, German, Italian, Russian, South American, American teachers—teachers from all the national groups except the Chinese, Japanese and Eskimo. This complexity of race exists among the student body as well, and makes for greater difficulty in teaching than in most sections of our country. The New York school boy has long been known as a problem peculiar to himself.

The precedent set by Dr. Maxwell has been maintained by his successors to the present day. To our group of teachers this situation has been too good to disturb by any act of thoughtlessness on their

part. They are a modest group and disclaim any credit for accomplishment that is the outgrowth of the cosmopolitan character of the population.

With the retirement of Dr. Bulkley, no one was left to represent the race in this position. It is true that for some years we had an assistant to principal in the person of the gifted and eloquent Miss Maritcha Lyons, of Brooklyn. But some years elapsed after her retirement before another was promoted to this position—the earnest, well-known Mrs. Elise McDougald.

At the present writing, New York City is in the throes of a campaign to raise the teachers' salaries, to compensate them for the constantly rising cost of living. As matters now stand, the salary schedule for the high school teacher has a slightly larger maximum than that of assistant to principal. This may account for the greater popularity of high school teaching over that of assistant. Whatever the cause, more of our group have sought and won appointment to this position, after a most searching competitive examination, than to the assistantship. It will be interesting to mention a few facts about some of the high school teachers of our group, not from the point of view of race achievement alone, nor of effusive praise of those few, but just as shining examples to bestir the success complex of others to some achievement. This success complex breathes its spirit from page to page of this magazine and hardened indeed must be the "sinner" who can resist its moving appeal. The inferiority complex is like the blues—it comes on us at rather frequent intervals, and we need the antidote just mentioned to drive it away. Perhaps the success complex will supply the place of the great traditions treasured so much by the Nordics and others. It is in this spirit that we introduce the following high school teachers in New York City to your attention.

Miss Layle Lane, of Girls High School, graduated from Vineland, N. J., High School in 1912. She holds the degrees of A.B. from Howard University; A.B. from Hunter College, New York; A.M. from Columbia University. She has also studied at City College, Teachers College, Children's University and the New School of Social Research.

Miss Lane has taught in the elementary schools of Guthrie, Oklahoma, and in New York City. She was appointed to the Girls High School in 1923. She was an active member of the Committee on Experimental Schools of the Teachers Union, which devised plans for an experimental school in New York City. She is particularly interested in this phase of education.

Mrs. Sara Bailey Moseley, of James Madison High School, was born in Brooklyn. She graduated from the Girls High School and from the Maxwell Training School for Teachers. She was appointed to P. S. 84, and at the same time secured by examination the license for, and successfully taught, English to foreigners. In due time she gained the Promotion License in English by further examination, thus advancing to teacher of the Graduating Class in P. S. 156. Meanwhile she obtained the license to teach English in Evening High School and taught in the Williamsburg Evening High School for Women several years. She has studied extensively in Adelphi College, New York University and City College. Some of this preparation has enabled her to pass the High School examination in Stenography and Typewriting. On February 1, she was appointed to the James Madison High School. All of her studying in college was done while teaching both day and evening. In 1913 she went abroad, visiting Paris, Switzerland, Belgium, England and Scotland.

Miss Melva L. Price, appointed to Wadleigh High School, graduated from Bushwick High School in 1920 with a Regents average of 92.3 per cent; and from Hunter College in 1924, *summa cum laude*, winning the Wilson G. Hunt gold medal for Latin and Greek, the Kelly silver medal for Methods of Teaching and honorable mention for the Classical Club prize. She was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. In the examination for teacher of elementary schools in June, 1924, she ranked first among more than a thousand successful candidates, attaining a percentage average of 93.2. She served as teacher-in-training in the Latin Department of Thomas Jefferson High School for a term. Then she was appointed to P. S. 157, Manhattan, teaching there for a year. Meanwhile she successfully passed the High School examination in Latin and was recently appointed to Wadleigh High School. Owing to decreased registration there, she was temporarily as-

signed to James Madison High School, where she is teaching Latin and French. She is a member of Tau Omega Chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority.

Willis N. Huggins, of Bushwick High School, has received the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Arts, in Education, from Columbia University; a certificate in Journalism, Northwestern University, Chicago; a certificate in History, Oxford University, England; a certificate in History and Geography, University of Paris. He was for two years head of the department of History and Economics, A. and M. College, Normal, Alabama. From 1917 to 1922, he was a teacher in the Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago. While in Alabama, he organized a branch of the Urban League and centered in it the welfare agencies among colored people. During this time he led a fight against the "Birth of a Nation", then showing in the city, and later made a fight to secure the conviction of a white man charged with criminal assault upon a colored girl. His activities were considered too militant by the whites and he was forced to leave the city in 1917. In 1922 he returned to New York and was appointed teacher of History and Economics in Bushwick High School. Last summer he studied at Oxford University, England, and at the University of Paris, at the same time making short trips in England and on the Continent.

Mr. G. Torres Colon, of the Commercial High School, holds the teacher's license from the Insular Normal School, of Rio Piedras, Porto Rico. He studied at Harvard University in the class of 1909. He taught Spanish in the South Brooklyn Evening High School for some years and was appointed regular teacher of Spanish in the Commercial High School, Brooklyn, in February, 1918. Mr. Colon served as teacher of Spanish in the Harlem Evening High School for Men from 1918 to 1924. He taught Spanish in the Barington High School, Newark, N. J., in the summer of 1918; and in the Summer High Schools of New York City for the seasons of 1922, 1923 and 1924. At present he is also connected with the Borough Hall Preparatory School of Brooklyn. He gave valuable assistance in collecting and arranging the material of the text of "Spanish Correspondence" by E. S. Harrison, Spanish First Assistant in the Commercial High School, Brooklyn. He is a member of Beta Chapter of Theta Sigma Fraternity, a member of the Egelloc club, and of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish.

Mr. Gerald F. Norman, of Bryant High School, received the degree of B.S., College of the City of New York, in June, 1905. During his undergraduate course there he became President of the Clionia Debating Society, a member of the Class Relay Team, and of the Varsity Lacrosse Team, in 1904-1905. He has pursued post graduate courses in the College of the City of New York in Mechanic Arts, in Oral English, and in Citizenship and Naturalization. He became teacher of Shopwork in P. S. 32 in 1905. In 1919 he was appointed teacher of Joinery in the Bryant High School, which position he holds at present. He is the first colored teacher to become an instructor in the day high schools of this city. In addition he has served as teacher of English to foreigners in the Evening Elementary Schools from 1917 to the present and has taught in Vacation School and Vacation Playground.

Mr. Norman is particularly interested in athletics. He was track athlete and basket ball player 1905 to 1910 and is coach of the Bryant High School Basketball Team. He won the Public Parks Tennis Championship in Men's Doubles (E. K. Jones as partner) of Queens Borough in August, 1923. He is one of the founders and charter member of the Alpha Physical Club and a former secretary and president. He has also been a member of the Board of Governors of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union for over ten years and for two years has been chairman of its Junior Metropolitan Championship Committee.

He is a member of the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity (Eta Chapter), High School Teachers Association, Executive Secretary American Tennis Association, Long Island Automobile Club, Flushing Tennis Club, Flushing Educational Committee, and Unitarian Layman's League.

Mr. John S. Brown, Jr., of Thomas Jefferson High School, holds the degrees of Ph.B. from Brown University and M.A. from Columbia University. He has also done post graduate work at City College. He taught in P. S. 147 for a number of years, rising by promotion examination to

the position of graduating class teacher. He became the leader of the school orchestra. For a year he served as assistant to principal in P. S. 147. In February, 1925, he was appointed to the Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn, to teach science. But he was borrowed by the Elocution Department of the school for two semesters and won praise by the conduct of his class work. During this time he directed one of the dramatic clubs of the school. He is now assigned to his own department teaching General Science, Biology and Chemistry. His great interest is along dramatic lines. For two years he was president of the National Ethiopian Art Theatre, which gave performances and conducted a school with Mrs. Anne Wolter and some of the faculty of the American Academy of Dramatic Art as instructors. He has written two three-act plays. He is a member of the Signa Pi Phi Fraternity (Zeta Chapter) and of the Brooklyn Teachers Association.

Other colored teachers in the high schools of Greater New York are Miss Dorothy R. Peterson, who teaches Spanish in Brooklyn and is an A.B. of the University of Porto Rico; James Harris, who teaches manual training in Brooklyn; and Wilfred Rankin, who teaches in the James Monroe High School in the Bronx.

Finally it must be remembered that all of these teachers have gained their positions by the same examinations as white teachers and that they teach in mixed schools, most of them having few or no colored children in their classes.

MRS. MOSELEY MISS LANE MISS PRICE, G. T. COLON

One Lonely Dreamer

LUCIA TRENT

HOW God must mourn for all frail human kin,
How God must mourn for each frail human sin,
Pity the bold young scoffer that decries
Men, who have vision of transcending skies.

How God must mourn for all frail sons of men,
Who hate and slaughter but to reap again
The cruel harvest of their plundering.
How He must pity commoner and king.

How God rejoices when beneath His sky
One lonely dreamer passes bravely by,
Victor unsung of triumphs never won,
A Daedalus, who dares fly toward the sun!

High School Graduates

IT is impossible to make any complete survey of the colored high school graduates in the United States but we have received data from certain typical cities which we present. In *New York City* reports from 11 of the 15 high schools show 991 colored pupils enrolled and 100 graduates in January and June. The missing schools would probably bring this total up to something over a thousand students enrolled and possibly a total of 110 graduates. In *Philadelphia* we have an account of 1310 students and 113 graduates. In *Los Angeles, California*, there are 490 enrolled and 39 graduates. In *Cincinnati, Ohio*, 239 are enrolled and there are 20 graduates. In *Pittsburgh* there are 781 enrolled and 43 graduating in June.

These are typical cities where there are mixed high schools, the colored students in all cases being a minority and usually a very small minority of the total enrollment. Notwithstanding this they have won distinctions in many cases. August Moore, for instance, in New York City, is the champion mile runner of all the high schools of the city: "This in spite of serious difficulties at home." Several are members of the Arista which is an honor scholarship organization and one is president of the general student organization of the school. Of the girls, one school with a large enrollment says: "Many of them are fine girls and deserve commendation." In Los Angeles they have won many distinctions: Viola Baucom won the second prize of $25 in her school in the Constitutional Oratorical Contest; first prize in this contest for all the Los Angeles high schools and represented Los Angeles in the Southwest elimination contest. In this contest she won third place out of eight contestants and $100 given by the Los Angeles *Times*. Another, Clifford Gant, is "the most promising athlete in Los Angeles". Still others have won distinction in music and scholarship.

Of the colored high schools, we find in *Washington* 1788 enrolled in the Dunbar High School with 238 graduates and 1005 in the Armstrong High School with 139 graduates. *Baltimore* has 2540 enrolled in the Junior and Senior High School of whom 1740 are in the Douglass Senior High School. There are 280 graduates. *Kansas City, Missouri*, has 145 graduates from the Lincoln High School. *Richmond, Virginia*, has 1273 students enrolled in the high and normal schools with 119 graduates. *Atlanta, Georgia*, has 2022 students enrolled in her new high school but will not graduate a class until 1927. *Birmingham, Alabama*, has a total enrollment in the Senior High School of 913 with 181 graduates. *Louisville, Kentucky*, has 936 enrolled and 105 graduates. *Dallas, Texas*, graduates 76 out of 800.

VIOLA BAUCOM

North Carolina which has made notable educational progress for the South has 43 accredited Negro high schools, including both public and private high schools. Reports from six of these schools show 1831 enrolled and 234 graduates. The total number of graduates for the state must be impressive.

Beside the schools from which we have had reports there is, of course, a large enrollment of colored high school students in Chicago and considerable numbers in Detroit, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Boston and other cities.

Books

COLORED CINCINNATI*

WENDELL P. DABNEY, Editor of *The Union* and formerly city paymaster of Cincinnati, known to his friends by none of these titles but rather as an untrammeled editor, an independent politician and an artist on the guitar, has put together a most interesting book of 400 pages. It has set Cincinnati afire. The white people are outraged because Dabney knows some colored descendants of Thomas Jefferson and the colored people are always outraged when Dabney tells the truth.

The nine chapters of the book treat Ante-Bellum Days, the Colored Schools, Churches and Institutions, Fraternities, and Biographies of the large number of colored men and women who have made Cincinnati.

One cannot summarize the book. It is a sort of encyclopaedia, scrap book, picture gallery and collection of extraordinarily interesting stories. It ought to be widely read and it doubtless will be. W. E. B. D.

"FLIGHT"**

BEAUTIFUL Creole Mimi in "Flight" from home and race and self and back again at last to race—this is Walter White's heart-compelling story of a mulatto. I use the term in its broadest sense.

Mr. White pictures accurately and graphically the plight in which the mulatto so often finds himself, almost wrecked between the Scylla of ostracism on the part of the white race and the Charybdis of suspicion on the part of his black race.

To the colored reader, probably, there is nothing new in the sociological or psychological revelations of the colored people in the various communities of Atlanta, Philadelphia, in Harlem, where Mimi lived and struggled for existence. The novelty lies in the fact that Walter White is proving successfully that life is life; and if the life of the white man can be made interesting in literature so can the colored author make a place for his people in literature. Nor will it be alone the grotesque, unfortunately illiterate Negro who will occupy this place. In fact the life of the cultured mulatto provides a far richer field for artistic literary development than the Nordic. A greater variety of complexes, due to his mixed blood, creates an involved psychology often misunderstood. Economic conditions force him into a false racial misrepresentation of himself and the tragedy and pathos and sardonic humor concomitant with such a situation provide material for endless "Mimi" stories awaiting the pen of the sympathetic author.

Such a story as "Flight", told with the forceful ingenuousness of Mr. White, can never leave the reader apathetic—he will be either strongly on the offensive or on the defensive.

"Flight" to me means "Mimi". I should have preferred that title—with apologies to Mr. White. Treated less didactically Mimi would have been a stronger character. Mr. White is so very matter of fact that at times he falls back on a natural reportorial style that detracts from the artistry he has attempted to maintain in this his second novel. Mimi is too much the victim of her creator and particularly so in the finale. She seems deprived of her individuality and becomes mechanical accomplice to the plot rather than an intelligent woman striving to break through the whims of fate to a spiritual freedom. However, she is a long-awaited colored heroine. Mimi is throughout a serious, intelligent, tragic figure. She is distinctly an individualist. Behind her is an ancestry of dare-devil adventures, ardent lovers and leisured-gentry. She asserted, at an early age, her inherited independence of spirit and a precocity of thought that both alarmed and gratified her father who indulged her in both. Small wonder then that when suddenly swept by the fire of early youth she loved intensely and without limit. But later she scorned to allow the weakling who had exploited her love to legalize her prospective maternity through marriage. The subsequent ostracism accorded Mimi caused her to take flight North and begin a lone battle to make a living for two. And it is around Mimi in a succession of flights that Mr. White has woven his dramatic tale of colorful American Negro life.

NORA E. WARING.

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* Cincinnati's Colored Citiens. By W. P. Dabney. Dabney Publishing Co., Cin'ti.

** Flight. By Walter White. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

"DR. HUDNUT is pastor of the largest church in Youngstown, Ohio, with membership of the wealthy employers of labor in our city. He is chairman of our Interracial Committee and is an outspoken friend of our race. This poem was written for his Interracial Sunday service which he conducts in his church once each year and has interested other ministers in doing the same. He also suggested and presided over our monster Interracial meeting which was addressed by Mr. Robert Bagnall and Dr. John Timothy Stone last week. Over two thousand people were unable to gain admission to this meeting."

There is neither race nor clan
  In the measure of a man.
Be he black or be he white,
  These are nothing in God's sight;
It is only—Is he right!
  Let him prove that, if he can.

It is what he is that counts,
  Only thus his measure mounts;
What the contribution made,
  What the fearful price he paid,
And the glory he essayed—
  Thus God measures man's accounts.

If he rise above the crowd,
  Let's acclaim the God-endowed.
He will stand upon his worth,
  Not his nation or his birth,
Greatest progeny of earth—
  He's a man of whom we're proud.

* * *

THE HUMAN RACE

MELTON BOYD of Muskingum College, Ohio, says in a recently published pamphlet:

I would state an evident fact: however diverse the relations of this audience may be, it has a common bond in its American citizenship. What, then, is the citizenry of America? Who mans this Ship of State? Men from the ports of every race and nation have heard her siren of Liberty,—until Englishman, Chinaman, Negro and Swede have mingled. Above the din of her engines we can hear the jangling of mutiny. The Anglo-Saxon masses mutter: "Free us from the Yellow Peril!" "What shall we do with the Negro?" "America for Americans!" Then cries the great Unwanted: "Down with Nordic domineering!" "Are they Americans more than we?" A fiery cross flares on the left; a flaming circle blazes on the right. In the quandary of the race problem our Leviathan makes slow progress.

But despite the circles and the crosses, despite Jim Crow cars and ghettos, these groups are fusing. Do you know that one of every seven marriages is an intermarriage between different races and nationalities, and one-fourth of our present population is of a recently blended inheritance? These facts are oil on fires of hatred. Race war lurks in the masses. Must the Chinese go back to the Celestial Empire and the Slav be returned to the Volga? If so, by what right? Or, following a political doctrine, must these factions, like counteracting chemicals, fizz and blend into a neutral state? If so, by what right? As a national policy, must we segregate or amalgamate?

Moulded either in the hands of God or in the evolution of a genetic process, was formed man. Neither science nor religion disputes his single origin. As his number increased in the unknown land of his birth, he moved into regions of different foods and climate. We see in the heavily bearded Russian and in the balmy tempered Italian how man took on, in the milleniums that are to us days, the physical and mental characteristics adapted to his habitat. Then, in a second stage of roving in the search for food and plunder these primordial hordes migrated. As each trekked across the clime of another there was left with the straggler, and on the conquered, the mark of its blood and culture. The passing of centuries saw the fusion of biological traits and the confusion of cultural stamps. Our Nordic forefathers, as the history of man reveals, were to be found among the hordes of proto-Australoids and of proto-Negroids as they mingled with tribes of Europe. The American Anglo-Saxon, the Negro, and the Australian have prehistoric ancestors in common. They are of one blood, modified through the ages in different environment.

INTELLIGENCE

IT is a curious commentary upon American science that psychologists have

rushed headlong into the job of compelling the new intelligence tests to prove the inferiority of the Negro race. M. J. Herskovits in a recent pamphlet quotes a Master's essay in Columbia University:

"All investigators agree in placing the Negro below the white although their quantitative statements of the relative ability of the Negro and white vary enormously; Sunne gives the average retardation as the same in both races; Pressey finds that 36 per cent of the Negroes surpass the white median; Arlitt that six year old Negroes are five points superior to whites of the same age, and that eight to fifteen year old Negroes are 9.7 points inferior. Ferguson considered that Negro efficiency may be placed at about 75 per cent of that of the whites, while the results of Thorndyke's recent study show only 4 per cent of the Negroes exceeding the median of the whites."

This, of course, is an extraordinary and inconceivable set of differences, and is not any difference adequately answered by the social environment of white and black in America and by such contradictory data as is furnished in Los Angeles, and in Louisville where the results were kept from publication? Mr. Herskovits attacks the results from another point of view, namely, the question of the amount of white blood in the so-called "Negroes" and he comes to the following five conclusions:

1. That the hypothesis of less Negro intelligence and social efficiency when compared to Whites, which has been generally accepted from results in psychological tests, must be further tested by the acceptability of its logical corollaries.

2. That the first of these, that in mixture, a group of those individuals having more White blood is innately superior to a group of those having more Negro blood, is to be severely questioned in the light of the correlations computed in this study.

3. That the second of these, that it is possible to place individuals on the bases of anthropological traits such as skin color with sufficient accuracy to bring groups together to study the problem of the effects of intermixture in varying degree, without the use of genealogies, is also to be gravely doubted because of the large overlapping in any traits which may be selected as criteria.

4. That the assumption that there is not sufficient discrimination within the Negro group against those individuals showing emphasized Negroid traits, particularly skin color, to cause differences in social environment which would affect the mean standings of groups selected on the basis of these traits is also to be highly questioned.

5. That in the light of the findings in this paper, the basic hypothesis of White superiority in general social efficiency and innate intelligence is to be gravely doubted, and that the results obtained by Ferguson are sufficiently contradicted by the results in this paper to render them subject to the most searching criticism and thorough further checking before they may be utilized.

THE BLACK MAN'S RIGHTS

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON, a descendant of the great abolition family, has written a pamphlet for the English Independent Labor Party on the black man's rights:

The white man is sweating the black man. I do not mean merely the white man on the spot; I mean the white races—ourselves. That is the broad and terrible fact which stands out from the innumerable ramifications, and the literature, of what is called the "Native Races Question". This question is one of wide range and deep significance. We have a tremendous responsibility, which we cannot evade. And we have a direct interest. The white races may profit for a time, but the exploitation of the black man will lead, sooner or later, to the degradation of the white worker also.

We must distinguish two periods in the exploitation of Africa. The first, which we may roughly date as lasting from 1880 to 1900, when most of our tropical African territory was acquired, was a stormy period of conquest, of competition with other Powers for spheres of influence, of the adventurous pushing forward of missionary enterprise, of the prevention of slave-raiding and slave-trading. It was a period in which ample material was afforded for patriotic enthusiasm, for high-minded philanthropy, for appreciating and enjoying the romance of Empire. But the state of the public mind was confused to an extraordinary degree. No one—except the world of Big Business—seems to have analysed the purposes for which all this intense activity was being employed. There was a general current running in the direction of imperialism, not only in this country, but in France and Germany, Belgium and elsewhere. At bottom, the driving force was the need of the white races for tropical products, and the high profits and rates of interest which were to be earned in the process of supplying that need. "It was the realization of this fact" (the need of tropical products) "which led the nations of Europe to compete for the control of the African tropics," says Sir Frederick Lugard (The Dual Mandate). Economists have demonstrated the intimate connection of this process with the rapid accumulation, at home, of capital which could not be profitably invested there, owing to the maldistribution of wealth, and which therefore demanded an outlet in the undeveloped quarters of the world.

The second period is that in which we are now living. It is not a sensational period. Frontiers are settled. Administration is regulated. The exploitation of Africa has settled down, broadly speaking, into a quiet, orderly, effective system. The fruits of the earlier period are now being reaped. Slavery in its simple forms has largely disappeared. But other forms are taking their place. The process has become much more subtle than it was. For that very reason its real meaning is the more likely to escape observation. All the greater is the need for vigilance, if injustice on a world scale is to be met, exposed and prevented.

Let us face the question fairly—what is the net result of our actions on the native of Africa? We have robbed him of his land on a colossal scale, and we have established, over large areas, a condition under which he has to sell his labor to the white man on terms which are not dictated by anything approaching to a free contract. Our methods have broken down the old tribal organization, and irreparably undermined the ideas which supported it. We have, in certain areas, gravely injured family life and caused the spread of devastating diseases. While preventing the native from acquiring European firearms for internal warfare, we have introduced him to the immeasurably greater horrors of the European War, and taught him to fight for one set of white men against another.

SOCIAL EQUALITY

THE *Haldeman-Julius Weekly* of Girard, Kansas, has had a number of interesting articles on race relations, characterized by sanity and decency. We quote from one published March 13:

From Maury Robinson, Paris, Texas, come these questions:

Do you mean to say that you, a refined, cultured woman, advocate the co-mingling of Whites and Negroes? Their association together in clubs would, of course, naturally result in their association together socially, eating together, dancing together. You would look with favor upon your dancing with a Negro, or your daughter when she grows older, having Negroes call on her or going driving with them?

Yes, Mr. Robinson, I certainly do advocate the co-mingling of the white and darker races. Especially do I advocate it in schools and colleges. It is indeed, only by consistent co-mingling that races, fundamentally different, can hope to come eventually to a thorough understanding and appreciation of each other. And where, I ask you, is such an effort at understanding more properly or more wholly in place than at a university, the whole avowed purpose of which is to further the contacts and deepen the comprehension of its students?

But I would not seem to quibble. I believe there should be as free a co-mingling of white and darker races throughout this, their common country, as there is at present between all classes of white people. I am very glad to state categorically, once and for all, that just as surely as I believe—not very militantly it is true, but none the less sincerely—in equal political, civil, economic and social equality between men and women, just as surely do I believe in equal political, civil, economic and social equality between the white citizens and the darker citizens of the United States. I am entirely opposed to the segregation of races.

TRAVEL

NOT much has been said lately of the insult and injustice of "Jim Crow" cars in the South. Gradually, however, complaint is becoming articulate. The *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, a colored Methodist paper, has a broadside in a recent number in which it says:

Hundreds of thousands of Negroes patronize the railroads of the South, enriching these great systems by millions of dollars annually. As everywhere, these railway systems are the industrial arteries of this section. Through them thus the Negro makes an incalculable contribution to the South's well-being. So it is astonishing what meager consideration is given by these roads to the Negro's comfort or even convenience.

Simply because of racial prejudice, we are forced to ride on the slower trains, involving loss of much valuable time. In order to make long-distance trips, or to fill engagements, we must start earlier than is necessary, and be on the road more hours than should be required, thus encountering extra expense on the trip; also suffering extra nervous strain. Besides, the coaches are generally partitioned into three compartments, two thirds of which is given over to separate smokers for white men and colored men, with the tobacco fumes pouring easily into the third compartment in which colored women and non-tobacco-using colored men are packed as sardines in a box. These "coaches" are highly unsanitary by reason of congestion, and because of the frequent lack of separate toilets for men and women; also because of failure to sweep and dust and air them at intermediate stations. Temperature regulation at a proper degree is hardly thought of or known. Add to this, nuisances committed by the crews not infrequently, and here is a combination of circumstances intolerable if there were any possible way of escape therefrom. Often the conductor and other trainmen ride in the colored "coach" smoking, expectorating freely, and with their coarseness and boorishness, swearing and telling smutty yarns in presence of colored women, girls, and small children to the chagrin and exasperation of decent passengers. . . .

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

The vender of trinkets and confectioneries is another nuisance that makes travel in the South irksome to Negroes. With his swaggering air, with his undue familiarities toward unprotected Negro female passengers, he disgusts decent patrons. And his frequently exorbitant prices are an outrage. On a railroad in Florida we saw one sell a small toy glass pistol full of cheap colored candy balls for forty-five cents, and a five-cent package of "Zoo-Zoo" ginger snaps for twenty cents. Such licensed highway robbery should be eliminated from Southern railroad policies.

To avoid these conditions—slow trains, crowded and unsanitary coaches, and nuisances by certain trainmen—one relief would be to travel generally on Pullman cars. But Pullman facilities are limited, as far as Negroes are concerned. Now and then a Negro gets Pullman accommodations on a train in the South, but it is very seldom, and then it is gotten through some "pull" through someone who is "next" to the ticket agent. The policy in the South is to deny to the Negroes the comfort of Pullman cars. To effect this, all types of subterfuges are resorted to: the "space has all been sold", or the "diagram has been sent from the ticket office to the train conductor", or you may get space "when a certain car is attached further up on the line", etc., etc., etc. One young Southern ticket seller was heard to say to a Negro applicant for a berth, "I have never sold a N—— a Pullman berth, and never intend to". Flagrant violation of the laws of the land and of the public civil franchise under which public carriers are permitted to operate.

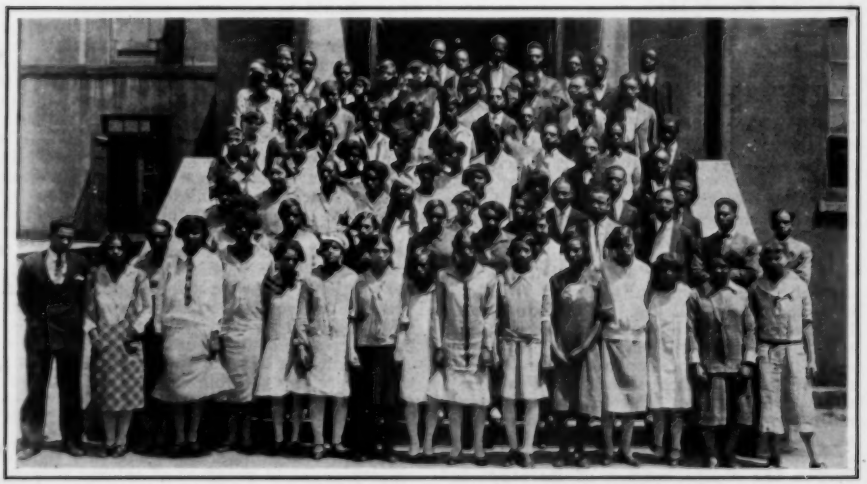
More flagrant still is this: There are half-dozen entire trains in the South on which the Negro cannot ride at all. These are exclusive, no coach, solid Pullman, limited trains. They are the time-saving, comfort-yielding palaces on wheels. In his testimony last week before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, Senator Smith, of South Carolina, rightly said, "Pullman travel has become a necessity to the American people". But the senator did not mean that statement to apply to his fellow citizens of color in the South.

Some Southern white papers like the Greensboro, N. C., *News* are commenting on the subject and Inter-racial Committees are beginning timidly to discuss the subject.

* * *

The *Guardian*, Calcutta, India, writes of the magazines:

THE CRISIS . . . is "A Record of the Darker Races," edited by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, whose "Souls of Black People" has become a classic. His editorial comments alone make the magazine worth having and one would wish that more of our people supported and read it. In the January number he makes the interesting suggestion, that much of the anti-Negro hysteria in the United States is due to the fact that "because so many white Americans have black blood which might come to light, they pounce and worry like wolves to prove their spotless family"—a psychologically only too probable explanation. Interesting pictures are also a regular feature of the magazine, as are short stories and book reviews.



THE OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE, WESTERN KENTUCKY